

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The pulpit is just now manifesting an unusual interest in trades unionism. Last Sunday the Toronto Street Railway Employees' Union and Benefit Society held its first church parade to the Horticultural Pavilion. Among others Rev. Wm. Patterson of Cooke's church saw in the event signs that boded well for his craft. "They had heard," so the *Globe* reports him, "that the church was losing its hold on the working classes. Well, it would be a bad day for the working classes when that happened!" He does not appear to have said that the working classes have any hold on the churches, which would have had more meaning in it to the wage-workers assembled. If indeed the latter had been true, why did not the church "parade" find its way to a church instead of to the Pavilion? Perhaps it would not have been so pleasant an "event" if motormen, conductors and drivers had occupied the rented pews of the fashionable churches where "the poor have the gospel preached to them!"

Indeed, the fact that the churches "still have a hold on the working classes" was made apparent when Rev. Dr. Parker made his ill-timed sneer at Rev. Dr. Thomas of the Jarvis street Baptist church. I again quote from the *Globe*: "Some people are so liberal," he said, "that they pay taxes on their churches. I wish some of us could raise the money to pay off the debts of our churches. But I am not going ahead of the requirements of the country, and so long as they exempt us from taxes I am not going to pay them." Dr. Thomas was too wise and dignified to reply to this ill-mannered and foolish fling, though the Queen street Methodists are likely to take the righteous course and pay their taxes. Churches that employ preachers so lacking in good sense as Dr. Parker can always expect to be in debt and no one hopes that he will ever even help to pay off the mortgages. But who are, or is, the "they" of whom Dr. Parker spoke so indefinitely? The "working classes," of course, upon whom Rev. Mr. Patterson claims the church "has still a hold." How did "they" like to have it rubbed into them?

Another speaker "spoke warmly"—according to the *Mail* report—"of the dignity of labor and said that Christ did not choose loungers as his disciples." This was evidently a quiet snub for Dr. Parker, for Christ paid his taxes and told his disciples to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's. Dr. Parker and his fellow-believers in escaping church taxes, if possible, must then be adjudged "loungers." It was hard on poor Parker.

Joseph Tait, M.P.P.—looking for votes more than souls, perhaps—also spoke. He expressed the opinion that the meeting "showed that there were in men's hearts aspirations for something higher than the opportunity to work, to eat, and then to die and sink into the earth." You are right, Mr. Tait. There is an aspiration in many human hearts, noticeably in the hearts of many politicians, "not to work and still to eat." It is against being made the slaves of such people that trades unions have been and are being organized! Yet where such organizations have previously been formed in Toronto, when was there ever such jubilation and clerical handshaking, such preaching and congratulation! Why were not the Bricklayers' Union, the Carpenters and Stone Masons' Unions, the Typographical Union and the Bakers' and a dozen other unions greeted at their formation with the same manifestations of ministerial delight? Why, gentle reader!—for you know readers are always gentle except when they are invited to gaze upon unpleasant truths—why? Was it because they did not have a "church parade" to a place that is not a church? Had they been invited by those whose duty it is to go into the highways and by-ways they would have turned out thousands strong if for no other reason than to obtain the support of the pulpit, which they always felt was against them. Why then this effusive welcome of the street car employees? For perhaps the first time in the history of Toronto the supposedly direct interest of the workingman was in harmony with the interests of the ministers. By capturing the street car employees they hope to prevent Sunday cars and without Sunday cars they are safe from rival attractions and the dull preacher, because the church-goer who is too weary to walk far is more apt to drop in and hear such men as Dr. Parker than to go a dozen blocks farther and hear a cleverer man. The street car men know what a nickel in the slot means and so do the ministers; the union of the two unions is the most natural thing in the world.

But prithee, excellent seigniors and mesdames, what meaneth this alliance which I have shown to be neither disinterested nor sentimental? Is the amalgamated Pulpit and Street Car Men's Union to be given charge of the transportation interests of Toronto? I believe in the churches, the great truths taught therein and the good influence they have exerted and will exert until "the temple is turned into"—I shall not quote it; turn up the text for yourselves. I am a union man and a Knight of Labor, and believe in the street car men banding together for self-protection. When, however, two bodies so far apart in the past amalgamate apparently for reasons which may not be conducive to the welfare of the city, I have a right to enquire the meaning. If it be a sudden impulse of the churches to seize upon and help solve the social problems of the day, I

shall be sincerely glad. If the Hod-Carriers and Helpers, the Laborers and Carters and all the despised of the rich are to be sought out every day and organized and taken to church and preached to instead of being preached at every Sunday, I shall joyfully recant the belief I have perhaps too persistently held that preachers, like writers and hod-carriers and motormen, are working for pay and are as unprepared as the rest of us to make sacrifices for the Cause.

If this charitable view be the wrong one, what is the mercenary self-interest and, I must say, dangerous aspect of the combination? If the two unions work skilfully together they can manage the Street Railway Company in spite of the fact that the latter have paid for their franchise and expect to manage it under the supervision of the City Engineer only. By means of the Street Car Union, the Ministerial

Company, but I detest this scandalous campaign against every man or company that if decently treated could help us make Toronto what her situation and facilities demand she should be.

The preachers are in politics for sure. Now, to test their sincerity let us form an Anti-tax Exemption Society and have a Sunday "church parade" to the Pavilion and see how many preachers we will have! The street car men are organized for a secular, and for them a selfish purpose. It is good enough for a Sunday parade. Let us have more. For instance, let the ministers pour a sympathetic tear on the cheeks of the following:

Typographical Union No. 91, many of the members of which work five hours on Sunday. The Milkmen's Union (if there is one) who work nearly all day.

The Hackmen's Union (if there be one, and if

some three-fifths of the total amount. Consequently Ontario pays some \$42,000 for Lieut.-governors, while only enjoying—if really as taxpayers the people of Ontario share in the enjoyment at all—the expenditure in their midst of some \$10,000 of Dominion money. This shows a loss of \$32,000 on the Lieut.-Governor act. The Governor-General costs about \$100,000 per year, of which Ontario contributes some \$60,000, but as it is all spent in Ontario—if Ottawa be Ontario—the thing is evened up. Possibly there are taxpayers who do not share in the wine and whirl-arounds obtruded enough to wonder if the mere spending of the money in Ontario or any other province recoups the toll for the percentage taken out of the profits of his task to provide entertainments in which they do not share.

While Ontario has a Lieutenant Governor

the largest land-owners in Canada. If I am not misinformed he paid a quarter of a million dollars for one ranch in British Columbia, and what is more he got value for his money, which is perhaps not wonderful when we remember the reputation for commercial acumen possessed by those of Aberdeen. In a pardonable paraphrase of a well known hymn

"This is the man we long have sought,
And mourned because we found him not."

We do not think we want a man who will simply give us taffy and luncheons. Canadians are more or less of the opinion that when a man becomes Governor-General of Canada, or in fact a little before he gets the position, he should act as Lord Aberdeen has acted and associate his interests with ours. Then he becomes one of us and is not simply the hewer of imaginary constitutional wood and the drawer of a salary. Lord Derby, for instance, was awfully nice and a good fellow at a dinner and spent much of his time in fishing, but in cold, clammy Scotch type it must be printed he was as foreign to us and as regardless of us as if he had come from France. He and his millions have faded away and we have in his stead one we love because he first loved us. I am not acquainted with more than one or two of the British nobility and it happens that Lord Aberdeen is both. He personally is one of the pleasantest men to meet and has a simple and companionable style which will take "out here." When I first met him—and I haven't seen him since—I was much struck by the fact that his dress-coat didn't fit any better than Col. George Denison's and that Lady Aberdeen had forgotten to scissor the fringe off his cuffs. Little touches of nature like these make us all akin, and it is a real pleasure to welcome to our shores a Lord who isn't too confoundedly particular about his boiled shirt. Taking all these things into consideration I think our new Governor-General is making a good diplomatic start and if he keeps it up will in fact, as well as in the farewell address, "enshrine himself in our hearts."

There is much talk as to whether Sir John Thompson is in politics for "keeps." I do not think he is. If he has a chance to go into the British Privy Council with a salary of \$5,000 per annum he will go a running. It largely depends upon whether or no he has the chance. Oddly enough I have heard from two different and widely separated sources, and may whisper it in this connection, that the relations between Sir John Thompson and Sir Charles Tupper are what diplomats call "strained." The latter is of no political importance, or I, as a more or less good Tory, would not mention it, and is only interesting as illustrating a phase of political life which sometimes makes office holding somewhat of an unhappy condition. It is said that Sir Charles Tupper originally projected Sir John Thompson into the Government because he imagined that owing to his creed the latter would never be likely to stand in his—Sir Charles'—way. When Sir John Abbott was likely to retire from the Premiership Sir John Thompson, so some of Sir Charles Tupper's friends say, canvassed the Cabinet and stated that he was willing to serve with or under any colleague, excepting only the High Commissioner in London. As there was really nobody but Sir John or Sir Charles to take the place, this settled Sir Charles' chances and the latter's friends insist that nothing has been left undone to make it impossible for the H. C. to be premier of Canada, though this we all know is one of Sir Charles' cherished ambitions. The rejection of the French treaty, for which the Hon. Mr. Foster is directly blamed, is alleged as another instance of Sir John Thompson's hostility to Sir Charles. Furthermore, it is quite freely stated by that influential sect, "the well informed," that Sir John gave Sir Charles the worst of it in the Behring Sea Arbitration, which resulted in the young Charles getting a title and the Yankees getting the seals, while the elder Sir Charles got pushed to one side. We all know that the elbow of any known member of the Tupper family has never got to be "joggled" in order to make him reach out his hand for whatever is going, and Sir Tupper *pater* must have looked with mixed feelings upon Sir Tupper *filii* getting the honors while he, the senior, was getting shelved. The feeling over this matter has arrived at the point, so I am told, that the Ministers were not invited to the High Commissioner's house in London, and when Sir Charles was in Ottawa it is alleged that he went near none of the Ministers but kept himself to himself and his friends at the Russell House.

Altogether it is rather an interesting glimpse at the inner life of our cleverest men who are anxious to occupy the chief seats in the political synagogue, for it shows us how one great man sometimes holds out his foot for another great man to trip over. Sir Charles Tupper *pater* is too old and too wise to sulk and he cannot do it while his son, Sir Charles *filii*, is his hostage in the Dominion Government. On the other hand, Sir John Thompson and the Hon. Mr. Foster, no matter how they may dislike Sir Charles the elder, cannot refuse to cultivate or do without the family influences represented by Sir Charles the younger, and we view the pretty little Ministerial family taking revenge as Quill did in olden times by pinching and forcing hot tea down unwilling throats.

Meantime, looking at it from a party standpoint, I do not hear the prettiest reports from the Maritime Provinces. New Brunswick Conservatives are without doubt demoralized, and in Nova Scotia there are cliques which are apt to disturb that province. I am of the



GRENVILLE PERCY KLEISER.

See page 6.

Union can prevent Sunday cars, but what are the street car men to ask for a share? for we all know the men as a body were by no means opposed to a Sunday service. This being the case, they must have some purpose in making an alliance which, on the other side, has a definite end in view? Do they propose to try to bulldoze the owners of the car lines? If, when they try, the pulpit and the pulpitizing press support them, they can make a big fight even if they are wrong, and it must not be forgotten that unions are sometimes selfish and mistaken in their demands and methods. If this is the scheme, the Toronto Street Railway Company may as well prepare to fight. The two organizations acting in union can always force the Street Railway Company into a false attitude towards the public and be kept under lash and epithet, and will be hopeless in trying to make either dividends or popularity.

I have always said that no capitalist or set of capitalists could come to Toronto and undertake great affairs without having an indignation meeting called to drive them out of town. The street railway franchise was purchased by the present holders after having terms imposed upon them and percentages exacted from them that no other syndicate would listen to. Our civic profits are large, the share we now get is greater than had been hoped for, yet we as citizens are entering into a conspiracy to give them the worst of it. I do not care the value of a banana for the Street Car

there is not, one ought to be organized) for they work all day Sunday and into the night. The Servant Girls' Union—Work all day. The Coachmen's Union—On deck all day. The Sailors' Union—Every day. The Telephone Employees' Union—Every day. The Telegraphers' Union—Every day. The Waterworks Employees' Union—Every day. The Gas Company Employees' Union—Every day.

There are more, but they can be found by diligent search in the highways, the by-ways and the hedges, where our pastors spend so much of their time and labor in rescuing the lost and bringing back the erring.

It is rather funny, isn't it, that the street car men are the only ones so far to be discovered? And if what these ministers are doing in the name of religion be not religious, what must we think of either their folly or hypocrisy?

Now that a new residence for the Lieut.-Governor of Ontario is suggested, the *News* has called to mind the fact that "there are eight of these lieut.-governors and their aggregate salaries amount to \$71,000." If the editor turns up the files of the paper of years ago, he will find figures proving the greater hardship endured by Ontario in this matter than that suffered by any other province. These salaries are paid by the Dominion Government out of the revenues to which Ontario contributes

like the Hon. Mr. Kirkpatrick, people are not inclined to complain, for they like him and know that he is doing everything that such an official can be asked or expected to do. But there have been men who worked the office for money and came out with a snug bank account with which they did not enter. Such being the case, even as an opponent of Sir Oliver I could not be insincere enough to advise the building of a "palace" for the unknown gubernatorial quantities who may be foisted upon the people in the future. The erection of "palaces" is not a task to be lightly undertaken in hard times. The farmer is too busy in politics just now and the elections too near to make it likely that Sir Circumspection Mowat will indulge in any Government House frills.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen have reason to expect a double welcome to the vice-regal position in Canada. As representatives—I speak of them in the plural because a man and his wife cannot be disassociated in a social capacity—of British authority, good-will and protection, for which we pay nothing except an occasional seal-skin, we honor them; as heads of the Government we respect them; as the leaders of society we cultivate them. On the other and more important point we welcome them as the nearest approach to genuine Canadians—and it must be confessed that we are inclined to covet the office for our own people—that we have had. Lord Aberdeen is one of

opinion that the Manitoba School Question will have but a slightly general effect in Ontario, but I have not yet noticed the suggestion that it may mean a good deal in Manitoba. This year I have had considerable contact with the people of the Prairie Province. I find them much irritated by what appears to be a general Conservative contempt for what might be done by their representatives in the Dominion Parliament. It is not flattering to a province to notice its chief question dealt with altogether with a view as to how it may effect other provinces, and without a thought of how it may effect the local province's elections.

The defeat of Mr. Macdonald, the leader of the Manitoba Opposition in Brandon, is more significant than it may appear to those not conversant with local issues. It simply means that the Dominion Government is trying with the Conservatives of Manitoba and permitting them to get the worst of it on local affairs, as those of us who sympathize with the Opposition in Ontario are so invariably given the worst of it here. The Government is foolish in this, for I have heard many Manitoba Conservatives say that their representatives are too numerous in favor of the Greenway Government at home. I may be counted as disloyal or reported as ignorant, yet I have been in every province in the Dominion this year excepting Prince Edward Island, and I am not at all afraid to say that Sir John Thompson is reputed as only nominally Premier and his colleagues are doing his work in a very desultory way. The party everywhere is feeling the absence of a real leader: in fact, to put it briefly, the party threatens to go to pieces because no large politician and competent chieftain has formulated a policy on the acceptance of which he decides as to the fealty of his followers. Indeed, what must we think of a government that is afraid to appoint lieutenant-governors while three vacancies are in existence, one of them for at least a year and two for many months? Even senatorial appointments are left open. The whole party feels that men can now receive nothing unless they are dreaded. The Government is being ruled by fear rather than love; that is to say, only men that threaten can receive promotion; the stalwarts can sit out in the rain. I am not a stalwart and I am fortunately in such a position that I cannot be put in the rain by any set of politicians, yet it seems to me a very weak way of doing business, for it will not be very long before the stalwarts must be called upon for work and their clothes may be too wet and soggy to permit them to be surprisingly active. On the other hand, the purchased affection of men who have made themselves feared is a very doubtful quantity in a phalanx when called in to bolster up any government.

I often wonder if we have really escaped from any of the evil impulses and cruel practices of the past. Of course there can be no doubt that our manner of living has changed to a wonderful extent, and the methods we employ of inflicting pain and tyrannizing over others have become more refined. We sleep on softer beds and eat daintier food, and bathe ourselves perhaps oftener, but has the sum of human happiness been increased?

Thoughts on this subject were suggested by seeing a sketch of William the Conqueror in SATURDAY NIGHT. I suppose William's followers had pretty nearly as good a time as was enjoyed by the followers of Napoleon or the soldiers who fought under General Grant. The owner of a feudal castle did not tyrannize over his people any more than a loan society does over those who owe the company money. There used to be head smashing and bone breaking and much bloodshed, yet was the grind of life any worse than nowadays, when women starve and babies cry and men, gaunt and wild eyed, are hunting for work? Were the barons more brutal than the manufacturers and sweaters of to-day? I think everything is in favor of the method by which a man is put to death with a stab of a sword rather than ground between the upper and nether millstone of supply and demand, labor and capital, orthodoxy and heterodoxy, social custom and natural impulse. We crucify people nowadays more cruelly than they used to, for it takes them longer to die and the brutality of the punishment consists in the lingering nature of the death. There are more people, consequently there are more lords of the manor and there are more slaves of the chief, yet with a better education and a higher plane of civilization the hatred and bitterness of the modern slave is vastly increased. Of course human life is reputed to be more sacred, but is it? We cannot assassinate our fellow-man on the street but we can do it in the court or in the newspapers, or by squeezing him in his business. Woman's virtue is more prized from a legal standpoint, yet is it more highly regarded? People do not eat from a common dish or lie drunk under the banquet table, but have not these things simply been refined? They are here yet. I am inclined to the belief that as the world has grown older we have become a little more refined in our cruelty, less conspicuous for bravery and sincerity, and that the whole difference is largely composed of the amount of airs we put on.

Take religion for example. In the good old days they broke a man's bones and stretched his muscles on the rack or burned him in the market-place if he did not believe with the prelates and the priests. Nowadays equally respectable heretics venture an opinion, and we break their spirit on the rack of a synod or conference: we crucify them in the newspapers, ostracize them in the churches, and hand them over to the devil for eternal punishment with just as much gusto and with the same joyful feeling of duty done as thrilled through the inquisitors of old when they heard the joints of the heretic crack and saw the beads of cold sweat jeweling the agonized face, out of which the eye-balls were starting in unspeakable agony. There is no doubt that we know how to make men and women suffer nowadays as they could not suffer under the conceivable tortures of the past. Repression is just as prevalent and happiness as scarce as they were in the wigwams of the Indians and

the camps of Hun and Gaul. The modern inquisition is not as logical as that of medieval Spain but it is not less cruel. The bishops do not individually hold as much power but they are more numerous and informers listen at our very key-holes. The picture of the gladiator strangling his victim and glaring with fierce joy into the film-covered eyes of his antagonist is horrible, and yet never until the millennium comes will the hand of the vanquisher be taken from our throats or the cruel joy of the victor be absent from the hearts of the successful.

I wonder what it means to the church and to the man, this decision that Professor Campbell is a heretic. Does it simply mean that he is excluded from the church in order to preserve discipline to the teachers of the creed, or does it mean that hereafter he is to be avoided as a dangerous and deadly opponent of revelation, a man with whom it will be sinful to eat or drink? Has he simply lost his job or has he been set apart to await being consumed in hell?

What is to become of us who are voted heretics? Are we simply shut out from contact with those of our kind while on earth, or is it a general intimation to the Almighty that we are unfit for entrance into heaven? If it be a mere matter of discipline and the fact is recognized that a man may be expelled from the Presbyterian church while he has still a chance of getting into heaven, it is evident that it is harder to get into or to stay in the Presbyterian church than it is to enter into the home of eternal bliss. If this be true, why should we take churches at all as a means of seeking salvation? If the church is harder to get into than heaven itself, is it not an intimation that we should seek heaven by a more direct route? These things puzzle me.

I cannot understand the anxiety of people to fasten the stigma of heresy upon another, nor can I conceive of a holy motive for the energy and vindictiveness shown by clergymen when the possibility offers of excluding a man from a temporal organization which, if it means anything, means his expulsion from the body of the saved. In fact, it seems to me the same spirit exhibited by the inquisitors of old, only in a more exaggerated form, when they burned the heretic on the belief that it was better that he should lose his life than that the souls of the people should be estranged from grace.

A clergyman called on me a few days ago to say that he was in entire sympathy with Professor Campbell and with Dr. Briggs, and the majority of modern heretics of the clerical sort. "The only difference," said he, "is that I am a very unimportant person, and though I teach and preach and think these things I am never attacked because I am only good enough to teach heterodoxy in a Muskoka parish. If I were occupying a metropolitan pulpit or getting a big salary it would be beautiful to see how anxious the church councils would become over my doctrine. It is an important thing to notice, my newspaper friend," he continued, "how much more serious a matter it is to lead a city soul into heresy when enjoying a big salary than to mislead the occupant of a free-range farm while starving for the sake of the Cause."

The meeting here of the Anglican parliament has made us proud of being the intellectual center of the Dominion, and the presence in our midst of so many gaitered legs cannot but cause a distinctly religious emotion hereabouts. Those who like myself are not admittedly within the pale of orthodoxy admire a congregation of prelates and laymen who, to say the least, have the manners and culture of gentlemen. Is it not a fact that clergymen of every sort should first of all try to be gentle and kindly as well as dignified and tremendous? If it so be they are gentle, they are gentlemen, and even the rude and ungodly respect them and will have greater respect for their grand and glorious mission. DON.

Social and Personal.

An interesting wedding, which was witnessed by a large number of guests and well-wishing friends, was solemnized in the Jarvis street Baptist church at seven o'clock on Wednesday evening. Mr. Thomas A. Rowan, M.A., barrister-at-law and Miss Gertrude Helliwell were the bridegroom and bride. Miss Helliwell's bridal gown was of rich duchesse satin, with a girle of orange blossoms, immense train, and the orthodox veil of tulle. She carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses, Miss Emma Buzz, the maid of honor, wore white ribbed crepon with lace, and looked charming. The two bridesmaids, Miss Carrie and Miss Ida Helliwell, wore shell-pink frocks, with full baby waists and wide elbow sleeves with flounces of white silk lace, and carried cream and pink roses with maiden hair fern. The groomsmen were Mr. J. W. Rowan, M.D., and Mr. T. H. Mason, and the guests were ushered by Messrs. John Bertram, Jr., Sigmund Samuel, Charles Catto, H. E. Ridley, and Dr. Shiell. The Rev. Dr. Thomas officiated. The bride was conducted to the altar by her uncle, Mr. E. R. C. Clarkson, who also gave her away. After the ceremony a brilliant reception was held at the residence of Mrs. Helliwell on Carlton street, where a very large number of guests offered congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Rowan. The breakfast was elegantly served by Webb, and an Italian orchestra played during the reception, and after the newly married pair left for Chicago the guests indulged in an impromptu dance. Mrs. Rowan's going-away gown was of dark cloth with modish little cape of myrtle velvet, and a hat of electric gray and myrtle to match. A large number of rich gifts were tastefully arranged in an ante-room and evoked many admiring remarks. The invited guests were: Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rowan, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rowan, Miss Louise Rowan, Mrs. and Miss Fannie Arnel, Mr. and Mrs. Boon, Mr. and Mrs. Buzz, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Bowers, Mr. Percy and Miss H. Bailey, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Bowers, the Misses Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. John Bertram, Mr. and Mrs. George Bertram, Mr. F. D. Benjamin, Mr. J. A. Burgess, M.D., Mr. H. W. Burgess, Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. C. Clarkson, Miss Coleman, the Misses Clarkson,

Mr. Jno. Carrick, Mr. Alex. Clarkson, Dr. and Mrs. C. R. Cuthbertson, Miss Catto, Mr. and Mrs. A. Carrick, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Clarke, Lieut. J. F. Crean, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cook of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Dunnett, Mr. and Mrs. A. Dixon, Mr. W. and Miss Darby, Dr. W. A. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Dingman, Mr. and Mrs. W. Eastwood, Dr. and Mrs. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. T. Eaton, Miss Josie Eaton, Mrs. Burnside, Mr. and Mrs. F. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Forsyth, Mr. H. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. A. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Helliwell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Helliwell, Messrs. Thomas, John F., Charles and Alex. Helliwell, Misses Abbie and Harriet Helliwell, the Misses Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hamilton, the Misses Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, Mr. and Mrs. Kavanagh, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Lamb, Mr. M. H. Ludwig, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Ludgate, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lech, Mrs. M. E. MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Marriotti, Dr. and Mrs. McPaul, Miss Laura McPaul, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McKinnon, Miss Lillie McKinnon, Miss Morrison and Miss Libbie Morrison, Miss M. Mathews, Mr. Geo. and Miss McGuire, Misses Emma and Katy Mills, Mr. J. Mathews, Dr. B. McGill, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Munroe, Mr. H. R. O'Hara, Mr. and Mrs. John Pugsley, Miss May Pugsley, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Ida Patterson, Miss S. Parrinton, Mr. A. Pringle, Mr. W. J. Parks, Mr. James and Miss Ross, Mr. and Mrs. R. Robinson, Mrs. Rowe, Mr. Joseph Russell, Mr. E. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Standish, Mr. and Mrs. Smallpiece, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, Mr. John and Miss Smith, Miss Samuel, Miss Mary A. Smith, Mrs. A. Salder, Misses Susie and Zoe Salder, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Scott, Mr. F. H. Sykes, M.A., Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Taggart, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Thomas, Miss Taylor, Miss Addie Taylor, Miss Flo Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Vogt, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Wheeler, the Misses Wills, Miss Wood, Messrs. James, Philip and Amos Wood, Mr. H. Willson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas West, Miss Etta West, Mr. and Mrs. S. Frank Wilson, Dr. J. A. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Watson.

A very gay and fashionable event took place in Colborne on Monday afternoon, September 11, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Annie Lavina Merriman, daughter of Mr. Geo. Merriman, Colborne's popular G. T. R. agent, to Mr. Richard Hartie of Hamilton. The ceremony was performed in Trinity church by Rev. R. Webb. The ushers were Messrs. Frank Rogers, Johnson and Dawey. The bride looked charming in white corded silk richly trimmed with white satin and exquisite lace flounces, and carried a bouquet of white roses and maiden hair fern. Miss Katie McCrae attended the bride and was prettily dressed in pink crepe de chene and carried a bouquet of cream roses and maiden hair fern. Little Miss Georgie Merriman acted as maid of honor and looked sweet in white mull, and carried a lovely basket of pink and cream roses and maiden hair fern, while Master Bertie Brown was page. Mr. Symington of Toronto supported the groom. After the ceremony the guests repaired to Elmscroft, the home of the bride, where a dainty luncheon was partaken of. Among the guests who were present from Colborne were: Rev. R. and Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Burke, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Brown, Mrs. Grover, Mrs. and the Misses Johnson, Mrs. and Miss Dewey, Mr. and Mrs. Cheffins, Mr. Frank Johnson, Mrs. and the Misses Nicol, Mr. and Mrs. C. McCallum, Mr. Charlie Dawey, Miss Bidwell, the Misses McCrae, Mrs. Hubbel of Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. Flindall of Trenton, Mrs. M. K. Lockwood, Mrs. Rogers, Mr. Frank Rogers, Mrs. Keeler, the Misses Forde of Brighton, Judge and Mrs. Ketchum of Cobourg, Mrs. McBain, Mr. V. Merriman of Toronto, Mrs. Bidwell of Port Haron. "The bride's traveling dress was brown cloth with darker shade of velvet. Mr. and Mrs. Hartie left, amid a shower of rice and old shoes, on the 645 train for Chicago, whence they will return in a couple of weeks and take up their residence in Hamilton. Seldom has such an array of beautiful gifts been seen as those given to this young couple by their many friends.

Mrs. A. K. Dougall and Mrs. Arthur Dian of Belleville are visiting Mrs. Jack Walker of 108 St. Vincent street.

Misses Sadie and Laura West of Guelph have been visiting their old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Robertson of Queen's avenue, and have now returned home in love with the city and delighted with their visit.

Mrs. Worthington, Mrs. Elwood and daughters have returned from Muskoka and are spending a week with Mrs. Kelghley before going to the World's Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Holman have returned to Toronto and have moved into their new home, 72 Lowther avenue. Mrs. Holman will receive on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, September 25, 26 and 27, and on Fridays of following weeks.

Mr. Samuel May and son are on a visit to the World's Fair.

Mrs. Seales and Miss Sallie Seales left this week for New York, where they will spend the winter with Miss Caroline (Seales) Miskel.

Mr. W. A. Lyon and family, of Isabella street, have returned home from their summer cottage, The Maples, at Balmy Beach.

Dr. I. O. Orr and Mrs. Orr sail on the steamer Sardinian from Montreal on Saturday, September 23. They will spend a year in the Old Country, where the doctor is making a special study of diseases of the lungs and throat.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Baker have returned from a three months' holiday in Muskoka, and leave for the World's Fair next week.

Mrs. T. Carbert Thompson will be at home to her friends at 39 Grenville street on Thursday and Friday, September 28 and 29, afternoon and evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bengough of Huntley street are visiting the World's Fair.

The seventh annual convention of the United Typothet of America met this week

in Chicago. Two special cars attached to the C. P. R. train leaving here last Saturday evening carried the Toronto delegation and about forty persons accompanied the excursion. Mr. A. F. Rutter, the president of the Toronto Employing Printers' Association, was in charge of the party and did everything needful for the comfort and pleasure of his charges. Among those accompanying the delegates, the following were noticed: Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Rutter, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Apted, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bengough, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Bain, Mr. G. R. Warwick, Mr. Jas. Murray, Mr. W. A. Shepard, Mr. F. Diver, Mr. J. W. Corcoran, Mr. H. J. Gass, Mr. H. C. McLean, Mr. J. T. Johnston, Mr. R. L. Patterson and Mr. McMahon of the Government Printing Bureau at Ottawa. A week of entertainment and pleasure followed the arrival of the delegates, and the members of the Chicago Typothet, whose guests they were, spared neither time nor trouble to make the occasion one of the most pleasant in the history of the organization.

Col. and Mrs. Sweny have returned from England.

Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy have returned to Toronto. They were passengers on the ship which conveyed Lord and Lady Aberdeen and suite to Canada.

Mr. Alfred Boulbee, Q.C., and Mr. H. J. Scott, Q.C., have also come back from a European visit.

At the annual meeting of the London Hunt Club, Capt. Septimus Denison of the Military School was elected vice-president.

The Chicago dailies, in their accounts of the elaborate luncheon given last Tuesday by the Chicago members of the National Press League at the Auditorium in honor of Miss Lillian Whiting of Boston, and Mrs. Field of the New Orleans Picayune, better known as Catherine Cole, mention Miss Maud Annes of Whitby, Ontario, among the number of out-of-town guests who participated in the pleasures of the occasion.

Mrs. Hermann Hirschberg returned on Wednesday after a four months' visit to relatives in England and the continent.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Alley of 239 Sherbourne street have gone to Chicago for three weeks.

Mrs. and the Misses S-rachan of Hazelton avenue have returned from a three months' visit among the Thousand Islands.

Miss Nairn of Kelvinside, Jarvis street, returned from Ottawa last week.

A quiet but very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday evening, September 20, in the German Lutheran church. The contracting parties were Miss E. M. Jacobi, eldest daughter of Mr. Phil. Jacobi, and Mr. Chas. Morse. The bride wore a traveling gown of fawn broadcloth with trimmings of seal fur, and was attended by her sisters, Minnie and Dollie, who wore pretty gowns of white spotted muslin with jaunty white hats. The groomsmen were Mr. Montgomery and Mr. E. Jacobi.

Miss Capon left on Friday of last week to spend a week or two at the World's Fair.

Sir James Clark of Kilmacraig, Scotland, was in town this week. He was the guest of his nephew, Dr. J. Murray McFarlane of Carlton street.

Mrs. D. E. Cameron of Spadina avenue, accompanied by her little son, Bruce, left last week for an extended visit with friends in the United States. They go first to Milwaukee for a few weeks, thence to Chicago, afterwards proceeding to San Antonio, Texas, to spend the winter. Mrs. Cameron's beautiful voice and charming presence will be much missed in musical and social circles during her absence.

Miss Georgia Houghton has returned from her visit to Perth, and Miss Emma Houghton is enjoying herself very much at the World's Fair.

Mr. A. W. Miles of Euclid avenue has gone to the World's Fair for a couple of weeks.

During the past fortnight Toronto has been visited by a number of prominent church dignitaries, who have attended the Anglican synod. Various social events have been held by leading members of Toronto society in their honor. Bishops, handsome and eloquent, stately and dignified, have mingled in social intercourse with our brave men and beautiful

Continued on Page Eleven.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Chamois Gloves in 4-button and Mosquitare. Special lines in Dress and Undressed Kid Gloves for street and evening wear.

Driving & Traveling Gloves

R. & G. CORSETS P. & D.

Millinery and Dressmaking

We will show for the First of September novelties in Dress Goods, Dress Trimmings, Brocades, Satins, Corded Silks and Bengaines suitable for Bridal Trousseau.

Orders completed on shortest notice.

WM STITT & CO.

11 and 13 King Street East

Elite Limoges

Is the finest of Fine French China.

Fish Sets

Chocolate Sets

Celery Sets

50c. Sets

Etc.

PANTECHNETHECA

116 Yonge Street
Cor. Adelaide Toronto

IMPROVED ACCORDION PLAITING FOR SKIRTS AND BLOUSES

DOES ONLY AT
L. A. STACKHOUSE'S 124 King St W., Toronto
Opposite Rossin House.

Mention this paper

Sapphire

September's Stone

The blue colored SAPPHIRE is an emblem of heaven, virtue, truth, constancy, heavenly love, and contemplation.

"The azure light of Sapphire's stone
Reminds that celestial throne,
A symbol of each simple heart
That grasps in hope the better part,
Whose life each holy deed combines,
And in the light of virtue shines."
— "Frost," by Marbodius.

COMBINATIONS. — SAPPHIRES set with DIAMONDS and other precious stones on exhibition in window and showroom of

The J. E. Ellis Co., Ltd.

Diamond Brokers and Jewelers
3 King Street East, Toronto
N. B. — Ordered work and repairs a specialty.

BRASS BEDSTEADS...

English
French and Persian
Patterns

RICE LEWIS & SON, LTD.

King Street East

TORONTO

Jellies
Creams
Ices

HARRY WEBB,
Caterer & Confectioner
The Ontario Wedding Cake Manufactory
447 Yonge St.
Opp. The College Avenue
TORONTO, ONT.

Centres
Silver-ware
Cutlery

Dinners, Weddings, Evening Parties.

On Thursday the fair...
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Out of Town.

Berlin.

On Thursday of last week the Tennis Club were at home to their many friends. Among the fair ladies I noticed: Mesdames Roos, Travers, King, Millar, Hespeler, Misses Seagram, Roos, King, Jaffray, Thomson of Toronto, A. Fennell, B. Fennell, M. Gibson and B. Gibson.

Mrs. Proctor of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Fennell, Fairmont.

Miss Jardine-Thomson, who has been the guest of Miss Jaffray for the past three weeks, returned to Toronto on Monday.

Mrs. Millar was at home to her numerous friends on Monday evening of last week.

Mrs. McArthur gave an impromptu dance on Friday evening of last week to her young friends.

Miss Olga Rampel left on Saturday for Toronto, where she will take up her studies at Miss Dupont's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Staebler left on Thursday of last week for Chicago and the World's Fair.

Miss Nara Gibson is visiting friends in Toronto.

I hear rumors of a large ball to be given shortly by one of our society ladies.

Mr. K. Lynes left for the World's Fair on Friday of last week.

VIOLEA.

Dresden.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandy McVean have returned from a visit in Kingston.

Misses Ethel and Clemmie Sharpe, accompanied by Miss May Watson, left for Toronto last week to resume their studies at Bishop Srachan College.

Rev. Mr. Freeborn of Windsor conducted the services in Christ church last Sunday, during the absence of Rev. F. M. Holmes.

Miss Marie Galbraith has returned from a visit in Dutton, Aylmer and St. Thomas.

Mr. Russell Aiken, of the American man-of-war, San Francisco, is home after a three years' absence.

Mr. Morley Carscallen is a guest of Dr. Purvis Wilson of Detroit.

Mr. A. W. Thornton, sr., has returned from a trip to Chicago.

Mr. James Sharpe, who has been spending his holiday at Burlington, has returned.

Mr. Hubert Croll spent a few days in town last week.

Dr. Pomeroy, who practiced in Dresden several years ago, was in town last week renewing old acquaintances. Before his departure his friends gave him a farewell supper in the Clifford House. An extremely enjoyable evening was spent.

Mr. Walter Wiley left a few days ago for London, where he will resume his medical studies.

DUKE.

Simcoe.

Mrs. J. D. Christie has returned from Ingersoll.

Judge and Mrs. Robb have returned from the seaside.

Mr. and Mrs. Hicks returned from Muskoka on Saturday last, and I am told that Mr. Hicks is feeling quite himself again.

Mayor McCall is back from his trip to the Maritime Provinces, and is very much delighted with the country.

Mr. F. E. Curtis, who was in Montreal visiting his mother, returned home on Friday evening of last week.

Mr. Robb Tisdale returned from Buffalo on Thursday of last week. He had been attending the marriage of Mr. Geo. Jackson of Tonawanda.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Groff are back from the World's Fair, and from their account of it one feels that one cannot afford to miss it.

Miss D. Chadwick is visiting in Ingersoll, being the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. C. L. Wilson.

Miss Mabel Fraser has gone to Toronto for a few weeks.

Miss Mabel Livingstone has returned from Buffalo.

Miss Alice Whitman, who has been the guest of Mrs. H. W. Livingstone, left for her home in Buffalo on Saturday last.

On Monday of last week Miss Sternett entertained a number of young people in honor of Miss Shanklin.

Mrs. Frank King was at home on Wednesday afternoon of last week, from four to six, to about twenty of her friends. Progressive hearts were indulged in. The prize-winners were: Miss Shanklin, Mrs. Boyd and Mrs. Archie Campbell. Judging by the enthusiasm displayed by the players, progressive hearts is a great success.

On Thursday evening of last week Mr. and Mrs. Corbould gave a delightful progressive euchre party to about thirty of their friends. The lucky winners of prizes were: Mrs. E. E. Ford and Judge Robb, and Mrs. Frank King and Mrs. H. C. Stewart.

Mrs. E. Coudry is back from Hamilton. Mr. Robert Willson has returned from Toronto.

Mrs. Coldham of Toledo is the guest of Mrs. H. Willson.

Messrs. Ansley, W. McCall, Carpenter, Wallace and F. Curtis have gone to the World's Fair.

Mrs. J. C. Byrd is visiting in Owen Sound.

Mr. and Mrs. McBurney of Toronto are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Nelles.

On Tuesday evening of last week Mr. and Mrs. Corbould gave a successful euchre party to about forty of their friends. The lucky prize-winners were: Miss Skinner and Mr. Ford, and Miss Wilson and Mr. Nelson of the Bank of Commerce.

MURIEL.

Forest.

Misses Isa and Minna Hutton left on Wednesday of last week upon an extended visit to Toronto.

Mr. L. H. Smith is in British Columbia, and will spend three months there, partly for the benefit of his health and partly for pleasure. He is accompanied by Miss Smith.

Mr. Fred Pollock has left for Montreal, where he will attend McGill College in his work of preparation for the ministry. D. S. Hamilton, B.A., will also go to McGill in a few days to take his final course.

Miss Fitcher of Camlachie is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Fair and daughters will remove to Dur-

rand, Mich., where her son, Dr. Robt. Fair, is practicing.

Miss Alice McKenzie of Emmet, Mich., is in town visiting her uncle, Mr. D. McFarlane. She will see the Western Fair before returning.

Jas. Slipper of Chicago is here on a combined business and pleasure trip.

A number of the friends of Miss Letty Jones spent a pleasant evening at her residence on Tuesday of last week.

The Forest Bachelors' Club will shortly close their club house at the lake shore and return to civilization and the ladies.

A quiet but very interesting event took place on Wednesday afternoon of last week at the residence of Mr. R. R. Dickey, when his eldest daughter, Rebecca J., was joined in Hymen's bonds with Wm. H. Pickering, V.S., son of Isaac Pickering. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by the Rev. W. Hayhurst of the Methodist church, on the lawn in front of the house. The bride was supported by Miss Bartle Pierce, and the groom by John Pickering, his brother. After the ceremony the bridal party partook of a sumptuous wedding dinner, and in the evening the happy couple took their departure for the World's Fair, where they will spend the first week of their honeymoon. The large number of costly and elegant presents to the bride bore eloquent testimony to the high esteem in which she is held by all.

The cricket eleven of the London Military School came over on Wednesday, Sept. 6, to play the return match with the Forest club. A most pleasant day was spent and the home club fully confirmed the result of the first match, winning handsomely by a score of 108 to 47. Goldsmith, as usual, made the top score of the day, a splendid 32. Mayler and Livingston well sustained their reputation as bowlers.

Mount Forest.

The Town Hall was crowded to the doors on Friday evening of last week, it being the occasion of a reception given the Hon. Wilfred Laurier, M.P., by the Reform Association of this town.

Mr. Laurier and Mr. James Sutherland, M.P., of Woodstock, were the guests of Mr. Jas. McMullen, M.P., going to Durham on Monday, where a demonstration was being held under the auspices of the young Liberals of that town.

It is expected that Hon. Sir John Thompson and several prominent Conservatives will speak here during the coming week.

Miss Edie Scott is visiting friends in Blenheim.

Mr. A. G. H. Luxton, teller of the Bank of Hamilton, has returned from Hamilton, where he has been spending his holidays.

Mr. Jim Bowie of Chicago is visiting his parents in town for a few days.

The Misses Stevenson, Gruer, Wilkes, Reid, Hughes and Miss Stevenson of Winnipeg, and Messrs. Smith, Scott and Bowie and Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Allen formed the party from town who attended the delightful party given by Mr. and Mrs. M. Wilkins of Arthur at their beautiful residence, West Lawn, on Thursday evening of last week.

TRICKS.

Lucan.

On September 14, Mr. F. M. Smith, of the firm of Teetzel & Smith, Toronto, was united in marriage to Miss Eliza E. Porte, second eldest daughter of Mr. W. Porte, postmaster. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. H. Shaw, incumbent of Holy Trinity church. The ceremony was strictly private, only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties being present. Miss Ida Porte, her sister, waited upon the bride, and Mr. Sydney Smith did the needful as groomsmen. The presents were quite numerous and pretty.

The bride is no stranger to a large circle of friends in Toronto, having resided there for over eight years. For the past twelve months she has been chief assistant in the post office, and her numerous friends in the village assembled at the station to say good-bye to Mrs. Smith in taking her farewell of her native town. At 5.30 the happy couple departed for Detroit, on their way to the World's Fair.

Better Unaid.

Paterfamilias (to unexpected guest)—Why didn't you send us word you were coming? Pot luck, you know, my boy! Hope you have managed to make out a dinner.

Unexpected Guest (politely)—Bless you, old man! I hope I may never have a worse one.

If your eyes bother you bring them to us

For we have recently added to our staff an EXPERT OPTICIAN—one who has made the eye the study of his life, who is equipped with the most modern appliances and gives his entire time and attention to the fitting of glasses on scientific principles.

We can guarantee to our patrons who may require such services the greatest comfort and satisfaction, as we are making it a feature of our business.

RYRIE BROS.

Jewelers,
Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Streets

We charge nothing for consultation. You only pay for the glasses.



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

BUILDING SALE

EVERY one is mantle looking. We're in position to please the most searching mantle looker. Ours is no ordinary store. Purchases were made by our buyers, who know thoroughly both the desires of Canadian shoppers and know as intimately the best points of the foreign markets to buy. We give you a handsome coat, fur collar, for \$4.95, and a beautiful coat, with Princess May collar, at \$10. Prices all through are as remarkable as the largeness of range and quality of stock.

We're dressmakers. The dress parlors are tasty enough to win your admiration. The department is in charge of skilled artist-dressmakers, who have a common-sense way of fixing prices.

R. SIMPSON

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen Entrance Yonge Street.
Streets, Toronto. Entrance Queen Street.
New Annex 170 Yonge Street.
Stores Nos. 170, 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

WOOD CARVING.—To LADIES desirous of taking lessons in the Art of Carving, can join classes I am now forming. Private tuition if desired. Terms reasonable. Call or address T. M. CONNELL, 18 Richmond St. E.

H. A. Stone & Co.

212 Yonge St.

Late ARMOND & STONE

ELEGANT STOCK

OF

Mantles

Jackets

Ulsters

Capes and

CHILDREN'S

Important Notice

Having just returned from New York with a choice selection of newest designs for

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY

MRS. THORNHILL

Begs to announce that these novelties will be open for inspection on and after September 1.

374 1/2 Yonge Street

Store open till nine each evening.

MISS PATON

Is now prepared to offer her friends and patrons artistic, fashionable Parisian Dinner and Evening Dresses at her Fashionable Dressmaking Parlors at

R. Walker & Sons, 33 to 43 King St. East

MISS PLUMMER, Modiste,

Will resume business September 1. Terms moderate.

Room 28, Oddfellows' Bld'g, Cor. Yonge & College Sts

ARTISTIC : DRESSMAKING

Mrs. J. P. KELLOGG, 15 Grenville St.

Ladies' Evening Gowns and Empire Effects

a specialty

High class costume after French and American measurements.

New Shoes

Choice lines of American Footwear by the most noted makers just received. Our reputation for manufacturing and carrying the most elegant goods is fully maintained by the stock we are now offering.

The J. D. King Co., Ltd. 79 King East

PROVIDE for the needs of the sole of the foot during the coming season. Ladies should insure comfort by wearing our DAMP PROOF CORK SOLE BOOTS—Heathful, Dainty, Light, Comfortable. American Ru here a specialty. Gentlemen should examine our fine American Footwear—the best that brains can conceive or skill execute.

H. & C. BLANCHARD

Dealers in Fine American Footwear

83 to 89

King St. East

Toronto

WALLACE'S

110 YONGE STREET

Is the place to buy Ladies' Fine American (Eddy & Webster's, Rochester, N. Y.)

BUTTON BOOTS

I have them in B, C and D widths.

P. S.—Special attention given to small sizes—1, 1 1/2, and 2.

A Matchless Display of...

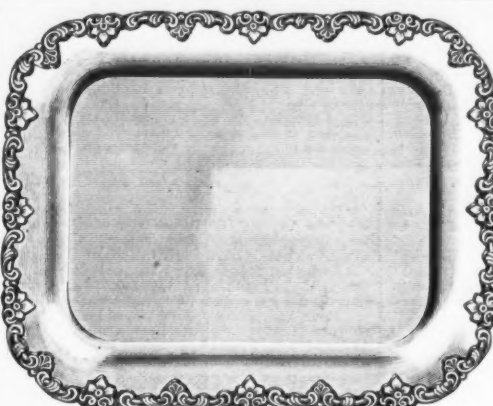
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Author of "The Great Mill Street Mystery," "Jacob's Wife," "Sir Anthony's Secret," "Under False Pretences," etc., etc.

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CHAPTER XVII.

Felix had not been mistaken in saying that Mrs. Hyde was not to be distressed and displeased by Marjory's confession. Indeed, she was more angry than he had expected her to be. When he came upon her later in the day he found her still in a state of intense indignation against Marjory and against Severne.

"My dear Aunt Mary," said Felix kindly and gravely, "the thing is done now and cannot be undone. What is the use of crying out about it?"

"My poor boy," said Mrs. Hyde, "you have been abominably treated."

"Indeed, I have not," said Felix, trying to laugh. "I had never said a word to Marjory, and the proviso in my uncle's will took me very much by surprise. It was very unfair both to Marjory and myself."

"Well," said Mrs. Hyde severely, "she is punished for her concealment; your uncle would never have allowed that will to stand, if he had known the truth."

"I wish he had told me beforehand," said Felix thoughtfully. "I might have induced him to do something else for her, but he thought he was securing her future and her happiness."

"And yours, too, Felix," said Mrs. Hyde. "Mine is not worth thinking about," said Felix hastily. "But tell me, where is she? Has she gone away? Surely not."

"She has gone back to Southminster to her husband," said Mrs. Hyde stiffly. "But how has she gone? Whom did you send with her?"

"Send with her? What do you mean, Felix? Of course she is walking."

"Walking all that way?" said Felix with a note of dismay in his voice.

"It will not matter, she was always a very good walker," said Mrs. Hyde. "She came here on foot and I don't think it was part of our duty to send her back in the carriage."

"She had seldom seen Felix look so angry as he did then."

"I should never have thought of letting her walk back," he said. "Why did nobody come and tell me that she was going? If I had seen her I should certainly have ordered the phaeton. Another time if she comes I hope that she will be treated with more courtesy."

"That was about the severest thing that Mrs. Hyde had ever heard from his lips, and for a moment or two she was stricken dumb. Then she began to cry a little, for she was easily moved to tears, and Felix soon elicited from her that she and Marjory had not parted on good terms at all, and that she was now secretly repenting her harshness toward the girl whom she had known so long."

"All the same, you know, Felix, I think she has treated us very badly," said Mrs. Hyde when Felix had succeeded in comforting her a little.

"The less said about that the better," said Felix. "I am afraid she will scarcely have a very happy time of it."

"How can she?" said Mrs. Hyde, "marrying a man like that? Unprincipled, a mere adventurer and not even a gentleman. I am sorry I let her go since you think I ought not to have let her walk, but she went off rather hastily, my dear Felix. I suppose she was a little vexed at one or two things I said."

"I have no doubt of that," said Felix between a smile and a sigh. Then, to Mrs. Hyde's dismay, he made enquiries as to the length of time since Marjory had left the house, and finding that after all it was not so very long, he ordered the dogcart and declared his intention of driving into Southminster and, if possible, of catching her up on the road."

"My dear Felix, you will miss your dinner," said Mrs. Hyde anxiously.

"That doesn't matter at the least. I may give her a kind message from you, may I not, Aunt Mary? I want her always to look on this place as home."

Mrs. Hyde consented rather ungraciously to send her love, but it was with a feeling almost of exasperation that she watched Felix drive away.

"It is just like him," she said to herself. "He was always quixotic. I am perfectly certain that he would, if he could, give Marjory every penny that he is possessed of, and it is a very good thing that poor dear Severne was clever enough to prevent him from doing that. Well, poor child, she will have a hard time of it, as Felix himself seems to think. I only hope that that precious husband of hers will treat her decently."

Felix was right in calculating that he would overtake Marjory long before she reached Southminster. He found her, in fact, sitting on a head of stones by the roadside about half-way between Tedwood and Southminster. She tried to keep her face away from him as he drove up, but the evening sunlight shone full upon her and showed that there were tears on her cheeks. He pulled up and was as her side in an instant.

"I have come to drive you the rest of the way to Southminster," he said. "I am extremely sorry that you were allowed to walk. I am sure you must be very tired."

The kindness of the tone brought tears in a rush from Marjory's eyes.

"You are too good to me, Felix," she said brokenly. "Indeed you are, and what Aunt Mary said is quite true. I have been most ungrateful, most wicked."

"Never mind what Aunt Mary says," said Felix decidedly. "She is sorry herself for having said it now. She sends her love and hopes that you will come again very soon. Now then, jump in; the mare won't stand. I am glad I caught you up."

It was pleasant enough to her to feel the swift motion as they sped along the level high road. Her tears soon dried and her spirits rose a little, although the sight of Felix's dark, grave face filled her with uneasy sensations. They talked only on casual topics, for both felt that they had had enough of high-strung emotion for one day at least, and that it was safest to keep to commonplaces.

She would willingly have got down when they reached the streets of Southminster, for she was conscious of some reluctance to drive up with Felix to the door of the humble lodgings in which she and Archie had taken up their abode. But Felix did not seem to realize that feeling, or perhaps he thought it was as well that the neighborhood should see that he was on friendly terms with Mrs. Archie Severne. At any rate he did not stop until he had reached her destination, and then in rather a timid voice she asked him if he would come in.

"Not to-night, I think, thank you," said Felix. "Tell Archie that I should like to see him, and will call on him any day when he is at liberty. You can let me know when that will be."

His tone was friendly, almost cordial, and Marjory felt reassured. She noticed, too, that he scarcely glanced at the mean little house. His whole attention seemed absorbed by the fidgety mare, and it was only when he said good-bye that his kindly smile broke out for a moment and illumined his dark face like a flash of sunshine. Somehow the smile gave strength and energy to Marjory's drooping spirits as she went up the stairs.

The rooms were not those in which Archie had lived before his marriage. He had thought it advisable to fix on a fresh habitation when he came back to Southminster with his bride. There were certain stories of late hours, whisky drinking and card playing which, he was afraid, his former landlady might pour into Marjory's ears. He had taken a first floor apart from the situation he had not made a

bad choice, for the rooms were clean and airy, and the landlady was civil. The crudeness of the decoration was more perceptible to Marjory than to Archie, whose notions of the artistic were very vague, but Marjory was at present in a state of early married bliss, when surroundings are easily overlooked; and a cheap wall paper, staring oleographs in gilt frames and stuffed birds under glass were of very small importance to her compared with the delight of knowing that she was Archie's wife, and basking in the beams of Archie's smile.

Archie did not always smile, however. His fair brows could look very black sometimes, as they did when Marjory ascended the stairs after Felix had driven away. She found him with his hands in his pockets, watching the progress of the dogcart down the street, and when he turned round there was a very ill-satisfied look upon his face.

"Why didn't Hyde come up?" he asked. "Has he taken offence?"

"Oh, no, he was most kind, most friendly," said Marjory. "But it has been a trying time, you know, Archie," and she sat down and looked at him with a little quiver of the lip.

Archie bent over her and kissed her. He was still thoroughly in love, and her beauty exercised a great deal of power over him.

"Poor old Felix," he said, "I should not wonder at him for owing me a grudge. Didn't he want you himself, Marjory? He gave me an awful time the night after the concert, you remember. Wanted to choke me off altogether, I believe. I thought then that he had a sort of tendresse for you; wasn't that so?"

Marjory's face grew scarlet. "Don't say such things, Archie," she said.

"It is pretty true, I believe," said her husband, regarding her with more attention.

"What's there to get so red about, I should like to know? I am very glad I have had an opportunity of cutting out Master Felix; he always thought a great deal too much of himself."

"Oh, Archie, you don't know him! He is one of the most generous and noblest of men."

"Generous!" said Archie, catching at the word. "What has he been generous about? And what has he done for you?"

"He couldn't do less than leave you a competence, I should think. The lights in his blue eyes looked almost greedily for a moment, but Marjory could not bear to think so. It struck her that her husband would be a little vexed at the news she had to tell, perhaps even disappointed for a minute or two; and as she felt tired she put off telling him for a little time."

"Have you had tea, Archie? I hope you have not waited for me."

"Oh, no, I didn't wait," said Archie carelessly. "I thought you would be having tea or dinner or something with your friends at Redwood, so I told them I wouldn't wait for you. You don't mean to say that you have had nothing?"

"I was not hungry, I could not eat anything," said Marjory.

"After a five miles' walk! Well, I call that missing your opportunities. You ought to have had tea, at least, before coming home."

Marjory did not say that Mrs. Hyde had not asked her to eat or drink, but she rang a bell and ordered tea for herself, then slipped away to take off her outdoor things and to freshen herself for her husband's eyes by the dash of cold water over her heated face, and a change of dress. When she came back to the sitting-room she had donned a dainty tea-gown, in which she looked pretty enough to beguile the eyes and heart of any man. Archie was not proof against her attractions. He came and kissed her, seated himself on the arm of the big chair in which she had seated herself and poured out tea for her in quite a lover-like manner. Under the influence of these attentions Marjory's eyes brightened and the laugh came back to her lips and voice. She chatted away freely, though avoiding subjects which would be likely to disturb her husband's mind. It was not until tea was over that Archie obtained any information respecting the point on which he was secretly anxious.

"Felix asked me to tell you that he wanted to see you," she said at last. "If you would fix an hour or a day he would come over."

"Any evening would do," said Archie carelessly. "What does he want to see me for?"

"Business, I suppose. A little smile curved the young man's lips under his fair mustache.

"Settling matters, eh, Marjory? I suppose the old man remembered you in his will?"

"I want to tell you about that," said Marjory, possessing herself of one of his hands and carrying it to her lips. The soft touch made him smile, he looked down upon her proudly, and considered within himself that he had made a capital choice.

"I hope you will not mind, Archie, but there is nothing for me."

"At least," said Marjory, her cheeks flushing. "Mr. Hyde left me a sum of ten thousand pounds."

"Oh, oh, and so you call that nothing," interpolated Archie with a laugh.

"But there was a condition attached, and I can't fulfil that condition."

"A condition?" said Archie, in high good humor. "Well, conditions are to be got over as rules. I dare say we shall get over this one; we must if we can, because ten thousand pounds is not a sum to be thrown away lightly, I can tell you."

"But listen, Archie, listen!" said Marjory, between laughing and crying. "It is a perfectly possible condition, and I don't mind it. I won't mind, dear, it was some foolish fancy of Mr. Hyde's. He never said anything about it to me."

"Well, come to the point. What is it?" said Archie a little roughly.

"It is that before I can marry him I must marry his nephew, Mr. Felix Hyde," said Marjory in a meek, small voice.

He dropped her hand and started up from the arm of the chair where he had been lounging.

"Married Felix Hyde?" he exclaimed. "Do you mean that was the condition?"

"Yes, I said so."

"And if you didn't, if you couldn't, what then?"

"Then I am afraid, Archie, there is nothing for me, but we are no worse off than we were before, you know. You didn't expect anything when you married me."

He did not seem to hear; he was looking straight before him.

"But of course you will get it," he said. "Whom does it depend on? Felix Hyde, I suppose. Can't he give it to you?"

"Oh, Archie, could not accept anything from Felix Hyde."

"And why not?" he said, almost brutally. "Because he is in love with you, I suppose. That is all nonsense. Of course you will take it from him if he chooses to offer it, and I don't see what else he could do. Why, he owes it to you, and if he ever cared a half-penny about you, he'd be only too anxious to do it. You haven't quarreled with him I suppose?"

"Oh, no, no," said Marjory. "He was very kind."

"Did he say anything about giving you the money?"

"No, of course not, and indeed, Archie, we couldn't possibly accept it."

"Well, see about that," said Archie, with a laugh. "Don't be squeamish, Marjory. You have taken what they chose to give you for the

last seven or eight years, and I don't see why you should refuse it because it comes in a lump sum. It will be extremely shabby of Hyde if he doesn't pay the money down at once."

Marjory was silent. She did not know what to say. It was very plain that she and Archie had no different ideas about money-giving.

"No doubt that is what he wants to see me for," said Archie, becoming more and more cheerful as the vision of future prosperity opened out before him. "Of course, I am the proper person to speak to. Quite right of him not to say anything about it to you. Perhaps he wanted to punish you a little, to make you a little anxious, after having jilted him for me in this way."

"Archie, Archie! Indeed, I didn't jilt him," said Marjory earnestly. "I never had the least suspicion that he cared for me."

"Until to-day, I suppose," said Archie, still in high good humor. "Well, I can't object to his having told you, under the circumstances. Suppose he came out with it before he knew you were married. Poor old Felix! I always liked him, although he was a bit of a prig, and I never liked him so well in my life before."

"I understand perfectly, my dear. A great deal better than you do, I'll be bound. I'll write a note to him at once. To-morrow evening will do very well. We've no engagements, I think. We shall have plenty by and by; ten thousand pounds will go a long way."

Marjory watched him with a distressed face while he fetched paper, pen and ink, and proceeded to write a note. When he had finished, Archie looked up and saw her watching him with perplexed and anxious eyes. He laughed, and waved the note in her face.

"We'll get it settled as soon as we can," he said cheerfully. "I have asked him to come to supper with us to-morrow night. We'll have a bottle of champagne over it, won't we? What a comfort to think that we shall soon be able to leave Southminster behind us. I loathe the place: I would never see it again as long as I lived if I could help it."

Knowing what he did of the narrowness of his life in the quaint old provincial city, Marjory could not wonder at these words. She had already found out in conversation with her husband that he "knew nobody" in Southminster; that is to say, he knew nobody except young men like himself with no settled home or families of much lower position with whom Marjory felt it a trial to be asked to associate. She accounted for it by reflecting on the pride and ignorant exclusiveness of the townspeople, who did not think that Archie was good enough for them. In London he would be a great success, she thought. He earnest desire that he should leave Southminster as soon as a move to London could be considered prudent, and for this reason, even while shrinking from the possibility of accepting anything from Felix, she half hoped that her objections might be set aside in spite of herself.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Felix accepted Archie's invitation, or rather Archie's suggestion, and said that he would look in on the following evening, but that he could not stay to supper as he was due somewhere between eight and nine o'clock.

"It is an excuse," said Archie, with a half-contemptuous laugh. "Poor old Felix! He won't stay of us, but he'll stay in. However, we will make him welcome when he comes."

Marjory said nothing, she did not quite like Archie's tone. The reference to "poor old Felix," and the scornful pity which Archie showed her, vexed her, and she felt that she did not know why. She would have known very well in the case of any other man but her husband; she would have said that he showed a want of taste, a want of delicate perception in the remarks he passed upon Felix, but it would have seemed like displaying to say these things to Archie.

The evening came and Felix with it. Felix, pale, grave, and, as Marjory quickly noticed, more than slightly depressed. Archie received him with exuberance of good humor and high spirits, which seemed a little out of place, and which he seemed to be striving to keep the sober demeanor of his guest. The contrast irritated Marjory. Any unprejudiced observer would have at once pronounced Felix the better bred man of the two. Archie was behaving intolerably like a noisy schoolboy, with even a schoolboy's becoming manner towards the guests, and Marjory's eyes would have been quite keen enough to see the difference between the two men had she not chosen to be blind. The difference which she would not acknowledge annoyed her, and she viewed her annoyance upon Felix by becoming cold and somewhat distant in her manner toward him. This was unjust, of course, but it was an injustice which women are often ready to commit.

Very little reference was made to the marriage itself. Felix offered his good wishes in a grave and serious manner, and as Marjory was present nothing was said with regard to the talk he had had with Archie on the night of the concert, but it became evident before long that Felix had a difficulty in beginning upon the subject which had really brought him to the house. Marjory was suddenly conscious that he wished her away, and said to herself with a thrill of offence that she would not be treated like a child, she would stay and hear whatever he had to tell her husband.

"I have come," he said at last, with a visible effort, "on a business errand. I have not much to say, and perhaps the easiest way to say it is simply to show you a copy of my uncle's will."

Archie's blue eyes had been fixed on him, and he had heard something about that, he said briskly, and in a tone which both Felix and Marjory felt to be hatefully hopeful.

"I may mention," said Felix, looking straight before him, so as not to meet the eyes of either Archie or Marjory, "that I have nothing to say until after my uncle's death. It was made without consultation with me, or reference to me, of any kind. It is to me a very vexatious will, and particularly vexatious now that Miss Moore has become your wife, because I feel that it is placed in a false position. Perhaps she is too young to repeat that, but I have heard nothing of the matter, and had not the slightest idea of coercing Marjory's choice, or inflicting any penalty on her if she did not fulfil my uncle's wishes."

At the close of his speech he let his eyes rest on Marjory for a minute, with a look so soft and so wise and friendly in their expression that her heart was softened towards him.

"Oh, I know, we both understand," she said, regardless of a cloud that was rising on Archie's brow. "It was a mistake of poor Mr. Hyde's, that is all. You quite understand, don't you, Archie?" she said, rising and standing by her husband with one hand on his shoulder.

"Yes, I suppose so," said Archie, rather impatiently. "Perhaps I had better see the will; it's quite new what we are talking about, you see."

Without a word Felix took a bulky document out of a long blue envelope and handed it across the table to Archie.

I have had the best legal opinion on the subject," he said quietly. "I have been up to London to-day on purpose, and I am sorry to say that I am helpless in the matter. You will see for yourself what I mean."

Divested of its legal phraseology, Mr. Hyde's will gave Archie to understand that ten thousand pounds had been left to Marjory on condition that she married Felix Hyde. That twelve months' grace was given to her in which to decide whether she would marry him or not, and if she refused him at the end of twelve months she was to receive the sum of five thousand pounds, but that if she married anyone else before the expiration of the twelve months she was not to receive a single penny, as in that case the testator would conceive his wishes disregarded. There was also a special clause which prevented Felix from settling anything upon Marjory, apart from the provi-

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sions of this will. In fact, Mr. Hyde had decided that he could not alienate any portion of the estate, or bestow a sum of any size upon any person whatsoever, without forfeiting his own heirship to Redwood Hall.

"Well," said Archie, throwing the paper from him with an expression of deep disgust. "I should say that you might upset that will if you choose. It's the maddest thing I ever saw."

"I don't know that it is exactly mad," said Felix. "Of course it was made without any knowledge of Marjory's marriage, and my uncle certainly wished her to take that year's delay before marrying anyone."

"And wanted to force her into marrying you," said Archie bitterly.

Felix reddened. That was one thing which he felt ought not to be said at any rate in Marjory's presence, and it made Marjory take her hand away from Archie's shoulder.

"I think, perhaps," she said with some dignity. "I had better leave you to talk over this matter together—if, indeed, you want to talk over it at all. I should think, myself, that the less it is discussed the better."

"I agree with you," said Felix drily. "Please do not go, Mrs. Severne. All that I have to say can be said before you perfectly well."

"Well, I don't know," said Archie, rousing himself from the sullen mood into which he seemed to have fallen, "business matters are often tiresome and perplexing to women and I think, Marjory, that if you don't mind."

"I will go," she said quickly, snatching up a book and moving towards the door. "You can call me when you want me."

"Indeed," said Felix, rising from his chair. "I have nothing at all to say that you are not to hear. Please stay, if you don't mind hearing dry business details."

"Thank you," said Marjory, trying to smile, "but as Archie says, women don't understand business. I will come back in a little while when you want me, and I'm sure you'll get on more quickly when I am away." She closed the door and left the two men alone.

Felix, still standing, looked towards Archie with some vexation on his face. "It seems to me entirely unnecessary that your wife should leave us," he said.

"Ah, well, you don't understand her as well as I do," said Archie fatuously. "You see I'm getting to know her ways. She is very touchy on the subject of money, and I'm sure I don't wonder at it, poor girl. Although Mr. Hyde was your uncle, I consider that he has treated her very shabbily."

"I am very sorry," said Felix. "I myself do not consider that he has treated her well, but at the same time it is perhaps only right to point out that your rather hasty marriage has been to blame. Mrs. Severne would have been entitled to at least five thousand pounds in a year's time."

"Since that will was made in ignorance of Marjory's marriage even before the old man's death, I don't see why you could not upset the will altogether," said Archie.

"It would not suit me to do that," Felix answered rather drily. "But what I wish to say to you is this, that though by the terms of my uncle's will I am prevented from settling any sum of money on Marjory or her husband, there are many other ways in which I have no doubt I might be useful, in case there was anything you wanted. For instance, another post of some sort, either in a bank or some other sphere of action, and in London; would that suit you?"

"It would suit me well enough," said Archie ungraciously. "If I could get it."

"Well, I don't know of anything of the sort just at the present moment, but it is possible that something might turn up, or if there is anything else you can suggest."

"Upon my word," said Archie with a laugh. "I don't see that there is anything to be suggested. Marjory has lost her five thousand pounds, I suppose, by marrying me, that's all we can say about it. After all, there are very few things that make up for a regular loss in money like that."

Felix was silent for a minute or two, and knitted his brows. Then he said in a lower tone, "I hope you are not troubled about money matters at present?"

"One is always troubled about money matters in this wicked world," said Archie irritably. "It is only men like you, with a large private property, that can afford to despise such subsidiary matters. Naturally we looked for a little help from Mr. Hyde, as he had always given it to Marjory before."

"Excuse me," said Felix. "He had not given pecuniary help to Marjory for the last eighteen months. She has been entirely self-supporting during that period, and I think I know her too well to suppose that she would expect assistance from any of us, more especially after the foolish secrecy in which her marriage took place."

"Oh, a romantic marriage like that is soon forgiven," said Archie. "No one would ever think of keeping up a grudge against a girl on account of it. But it was an expensive business, I can tell you. Honeymooning in the country by the Thames, and bringing her here, to more expensive lodgings, and so on. I must say, I am uncommonly short, and I don't know how we are to get on."

"Why did you marry then?" asked Felix shortly.

"You might as well ask why the world goes round the sun. I lost my head, of course. There's no denying that Marjory's an uncommonly pretty woman, and besides, I thought that she had expectations, and that your uncle and his wife, having been so kind to her, would never let her come to any sort of want."

"You were prudent after the event," said Felix.

"You should have thought of the vexation her secret marriage would cause them. As you see, the secrecy has had disastrous results. Whether my uncle forgave her or not, he would never have let this will stand if he had known she was married already."

Archie shrugged his shoulders. "Fate seems to be against us," he said. "However, I have got my salary, and Marjory means to keep on a room in town and give lessons. I suppose we shall struggle along."

"You will not think me impertinent, I hope," said his visitor, almost as if he had not heard the last remark. "If I take this opportunity of offering a little wedding present to Marjory and yourself, I have put it in this

form because I thought it might be easier for you to choose for yourselves what you would like than for me to choose for you."

He drew a sealed envelope from his pocket as he spoke and laid it in rather an embarrassed manner on the table.

Archie looked at it curiously. "Very much obliged to you, I'm sure," he said in an off-hand manner. "A little will go a great way with us, you know. We shall not have many expenses. Mentally he added to himself, "I suppose he won't have got beyond the limit of a ten pound note. Poor old Felix was always close-fisted."

Felix looked rather relieved when he saw that Archie accepted the gift, whatever it was, without examination and without particular comment. He looked as if a portion of the care that had weighed upon him had been lifted, and he said with a slight smile:

"I cannot, as you see, alienate any large portion of the property, or pay over any large sum at once, but I hope you will consider me good for an occasional little gift like this, on occasions when it may be useful. You and I understand each other, Archie. We need not always take you into confidence on the subject. On that point, of course, you can judge better than I, but I fancy—"

"Oh, Marjory's squeamish," said Archie with satisfaction beaming from his eye. "It doesn't do to tell her much about business matters, as I said before. I was right in getting rid of her, don't you think, eh? Well, Felix, I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, and it is rather a comfort to know that you won't grudge a little to help now and then towards our housekeeping. I'm not ashamed to take it from you, he went on, with rather a laughable assumption of the grand air, "for I know what an old friend you are, and that Marjory has some sort of a claim on your family after all."

"It will always give me great pleasure to do anything for Marjory," said Felix, so gravely that if Archie had been of a sensitive temperament he might have been somewhat abashed. But then Archie was not sensitive.

Felix rose to take leave and Archie went to the door and called his wife back into the room. Felix thought that she looked pale and sad and that her eyelids were a little reddened, but he did not allow himself to look more than once on that fair, sweet face, now lost to him for months with Marjory. She was very touchy, and might have been a little selfish and self-absorbed, but his love for her could never relax. She was still the Marjory of his dreams, the one woman in the whole wide world for him. He was not altogether blind to her faults, but he believed that they were such as time and

than she had expected him to be, but she felt rather anxious as to the means by which his satisfaction had been brought about. One clue to it was given her when Felix had left the room. Archie took up the closed envelope, tore it open and took out a check.

"Good old Felix!" he exclaimed in gleeful tones. "I didn't think he was good for more than a tonner, I must say, but it's a hundred pounds."

"What?" exclaimed Marjory.

"A wedding present, my dear," he said. "He didn't know what to choose, so he gave us this instead. It's a very usual way of making wedding presents nowadays, you know; you need not look so horrified."

"Oh, Archie, do send it back."

"Send it back! Not if I know it. My dear child, don't be such a fool. Felix can afford it, perfectly well, and he knows that old Hyde ought to have provided for you. I should not mind if he renewed his wedding present from time to time."

"I hope he will never think of doing such a thing," said Marjory. "I can't bear to accept money from him."

"Money isn't a thing to be refused, my dear," said Archie in a most jocular manner, "especially when a man has married a penniless wife. I must say, Marjory, that I counted on the Hyde doing something for you, and I'm sure you needn't grumble if Felix Hyde recognizes the claim you have on them."

He put the check carefully away into his pocket-book as he spoke. What he did with it Marjory never knew. He presented her a few days afterwards with some smart gold ornaments and a silk dress, the cost of which she supposed came out of Felix's gift, but he did not offer to spend any of the money on furniture or housekeeping. She vaguely supposed that he had put it into the bank as a nest egg for the future; but nothing in her married life so far had given her so sore a feeling as her husband's acceptance of this gift from Felix Hyde. Archie's good humor and satisfaction were, however, extreme. She noticed that he was out a good deal in the evening for the next two or three weeks, but he did not tell her where he had been, and she had tact enough to refrain from asking questions, but she had more than a suspicion from some words that had passed in her hearing, between her husband and one of his friends, that these evenings were spent in the billiard room of an inn known as the Spread Eagle, which was the resort of all the idle and fast young fellows in the town. Marjory had heard this tavern spoken of with animadversion by the Hydes, and her landlady attempted more than once to enlighten her as to its character, but she refused to believe that her husband could be drawn into anything worse than a simple game at pool or a hand at whist. He could still be very caressing to her when he chose, and although her confidence was a little shaken her love for him remained unchanged.

(To be Continued.)

A Startling Development.

John Fredericks went from Verona to Venice, and there started on a voyage he had long wished to take. He left his friend McLean in Verona, for McLean, coming from a long line of sailing and trading ships, was a poor sailor, which seems contrary to the hereditary theories of Mr. Ibsen.

Fredericks wrote to his friend from Venice, and said he had succeeded in making arrangements with a most picturesque lot of coasters to run a boat from Venice to the north of Scotland, the southern part of Italy, calling at nearly every port; a small trading schooner, if such a craft could be called a schooner. He added that the boat would be back in Venice in two weeks' time if they had good weather, and he asked McLean to be there to meet him if he could, so that they might continue their tramp together into the mountains north of Venice. He gave the name of the boat which, being a slow craft, they had christened with the Italian equivalent of The Flying Scud. Fredericks was an artist; McLean was merely an amateur photographer who carried a detestable camera. Nevertheless Fredericks borrowed his friend's camera so that if he had a chance he might take some snap shots where he would not have time to use his pencil.

McLean waited in Venice for the Flying Scud with some impatience, for it was several days overdue. When it finally arrived McLean was shocked and horrified at the news it brought. On the second day out there had been a slight squall and Fredericks, leaning over the side, had suddenly lost his balance and fallen into the Adriatic. There were no life-preservers on board, but one of the men threw a bench to the struggling man and the helmsman brought the boat round to the wind as speedily as possible, but nothing more was seen of the unfortunate artist.

The sailors were rough men of the sea, but it was evident to the most casual observer that they were honest fellows who told a straight story, for each one corroborated the account of the other. As proof of their honesty they returned to the magistrate a small black box, which McLean at once recognized as his own camera, which Fredericks had borrowed before he went on the fatal trip.

McLean took it to his lodgings, and when night came on he lit his red lamp and got out his developing kit. The camera contained a roll of film sufficient to take sixty pictures. One or two of these McLean himself had taken in Verona. On opening the instrument McLean saw that his friend had taken about a dozen pictures. These he cut carefully, and he resolved to develop them with the utmost caution so as to have mementoes of the last work his friend had done on earth.

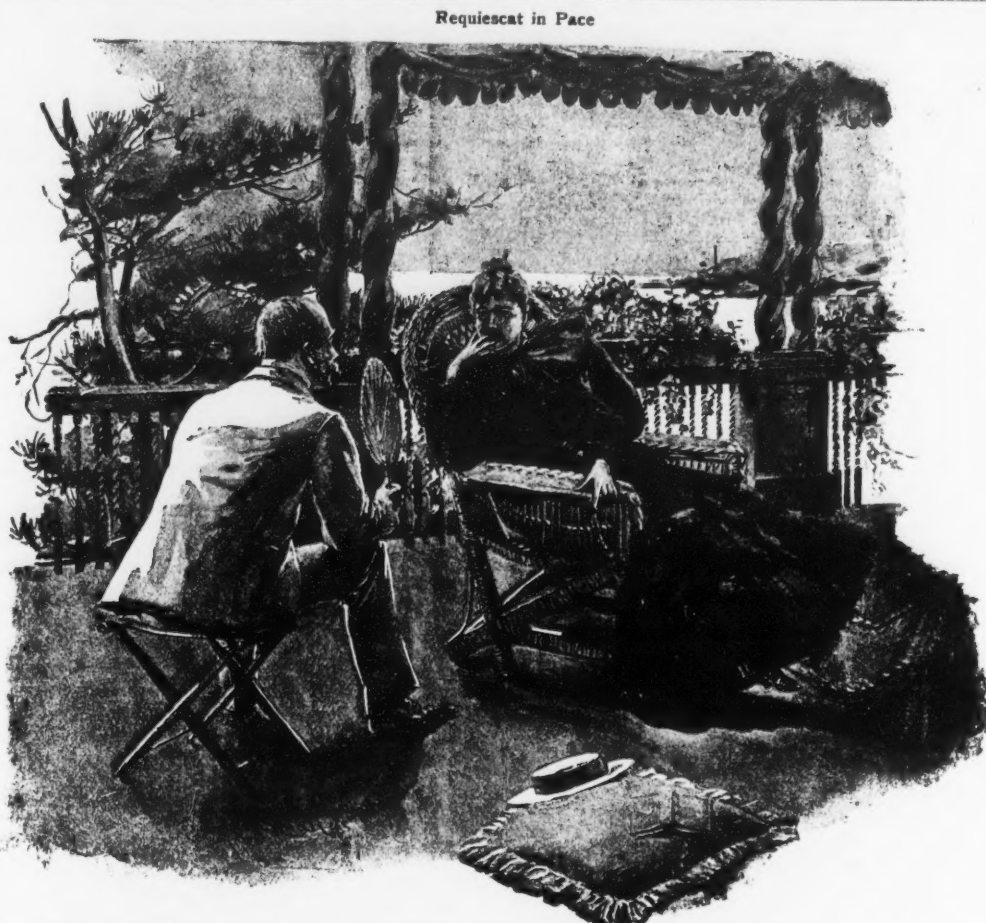
The first three pictures were of Verona, and each of them his dead friend stood. The next was a snap shot of the Flying Scud as she lay at anchor, evidently taken as Fredericks went out to her in a gondola. The next was a very good picture of the man at the wheel, and the next a group on deck. It was evident that his friend had been anxious to conceal from the crew the fact that they were being photographed, for every figure in the group was as natural as possible. It was more than likely, McLean thought, that neither captain nor crew knew what a camera was.

The second to last picture surprised McLean. The men were grouped around the wheelmen, and were evidently discussing some subject with animation. One of the men was looking directly at the camera at the time the shot was made, and his expression was one that might have alarmed Fredericks if he had not been so absorbed with his work.

The next picture was a revelation. McLean watched it as it came out, and at first thought it was a failure. There seemed to be too much of the central figure, and the man was so close to the camera that his picture was rather out of focus. If the figure had stood up straight its head and shoulders would have been out of the picture. As it was, McLean saw that it was the picture of a man crouching along toward the holder of the camera. When the picture was fully developed and McLean held it up before the red light he was startled to see that the crouching figure held in his upraised hand a long Italian stiletto. The picture was evidently taken the moment before the stroke was given. The man aimed at what was doubtless the unconscious photographer, who, huddled with his camera, did not notice the figure steal upon him.

McLean finished that negative with more care than he ever took with a picture before. He printed a positive as soon as the negative was dry, and although the figure was out of focus, anyone could instantly recognize the face as that of the captain of the Flying Scud. The little picture was evidence enough to McLean that his friend had been murdered, probably to get what money he had on his person. But he realized that it still was not evidence enough to enable him to convict the murderers at a court in Venice.

He made a lantern slide of the picture, hired



Old Friend (quite ignorant of the recent demise of his entertainer's father)—My dear, I am so delighted to see you again—and your father—How does he stand the heat?—Life.

a stereopticon and made his preparations. He took one officer of the law (a man entitled to take depositions) into his confidence.

When the schooner again arrived in Venice McLean got one of the men to come with him to his room. He wished, he said, to hear again how his friend came by his death, and he promised the man money if he would give him a faithful account of the accident. At McLean's room the man told the tale that had already been told.

"Do you believe in the devil?" asked McLean when his story was finished.

"Sure," replied the man in an awed whisper. "Then come into the next room and I will show you some of the devil's work. You will see what he says became of my friend."

The man drew back. He had no desire to see any of the devil's work.

"Then it is true what the devil says, that you killed my friend."

"I didn't kill him!" cried the sailor, "it was—"

"Then he checked himself and was silent."

The officer of the law stepped out of the other room, and seeing him the sailor appeared to be afraid to refuse to enter.

The room was pitch-dark. Suddenly there appeared on the wall a group of men around the wheel on board the boat. The sailor at once recognized himself among those who stood there and he gave a gasp of astonishment, muttering to himself.

That picture faded out and the picture of the crouching captain took its place. It was life-size, and it seemed to steal along the wall.

The sailor gave a cry.

"Then you know all," he gasped: "the devil has told you. You see, signor, it was not me."

"Then if you wish to escape, tell all you know and tell it truthfully. It is your last chance."

And on the evidence of the sailor justice was done, for the sailor himself was silent; and the day the others were executed.—*Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.*

A Pertinent Query.

Deacon R. is an eminently pious man, active in church work, leading in the singing and loud in prayer. At the same time he is a touchy man and will resent an insinuation, when he is thoroughly convinced that it is what it purports to be. One of the crowd that sits around the country store where the deacon loafs is a thorn in the deacon's flesh, and is ever on the watch to rile the good man.

"I tell you what it is," said this same wag one morning, "it's mighty few of these church people I have any confidence in."

The deacon standing over by the counter stepped to a keg of nails near the talker and sat down.

"Howdy, deacon," said the wag, sliding over a little. "Sit down. I was just saying," he went on, "that I was a little shaky on some of these professing Christians."

"So I heard you say," responded the deacon sternly.

"Yes, I've been thinking about some of them, and I don't think these people are to be trusted that sit up in the front row of the meeting-house, singing and praying so loud, all the time."

The deacon whirled around and shook his fist right under the talker's nose.

"How loud!" he asked, trying to restrain himself; "how loud!" and the talker fell off of his keg of nails without going into details.

New Books and Magazines.

One of the finest specimens of printing that I have seen for a long time is the souvenir pamphlet of the Fifth Annual Convention of the International Printing Pressman's Union of North America, which met in Cincinnati last June. Various printing houses have contributed colored plates that are the finest specimens of their art. Portraits are given of the leading officers of the Union, articles are included on subjects of interest, but the advertisements of the printing houses and printing ink firms are such marvels of good work that anyone would preserve the book as a valuable one. The International Convention will be held in Toronto next year and a similar volume will be projected.

The leading feature of the *Canadian Magazine* for September is *Down the Yukon* by William Ogilvie, D.L.S., F.R.G.S. This fearless explorer writes a capital article. There are also two financial articles, *A Whirlwind of Disaster* by Erastus Wiman, and *The Financial Depression in Australia* by Vortigern, who is well versed in the banking and finance of that southern continent. Of the remaining papers a good one is *A Study in Criminology* by Rev. W. S. Blackstock.

Harvest Excursions.

On August 22, September 12 and October 11 1893, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co., will sell tickets at standard single fare plus \$2 for the round trip from Chicago to points in Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming and to points in Manitoba as far as and including Brandon. For rates of fare, time tables and full information send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, No. 37 York street, Toronto, Ont.

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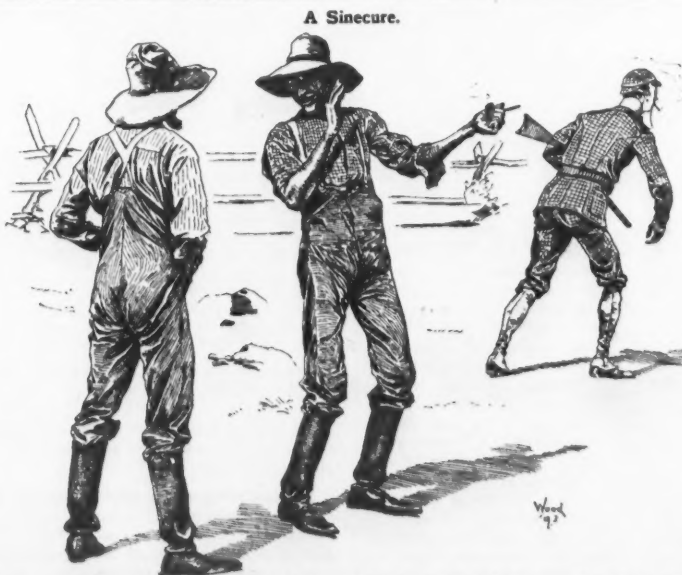
English Opinion.

A writer in *Herapath's London, England, Railway and Commercial Journal*, of February 6, 1892, in an article on American Railroads, says:

"The railway system of America is vast. It extends to 171,000 miles, which, compared with our 20,000 miles, is big."

After commenting at considerable length on the comparative merits of various American railroads he closes with this remarkable sentence:

"The New York Central is no doubt the best line in America, and a very excellent line it is, equal probably to the best English line."



A Sinecure.

"Hey, Jimmie! don't yer wish yer had ther snap I got! Thet dude from the city is givin' me two dollars a day ter carry his game for 'im an' he can't hit ther side of a house."—*Judge.*

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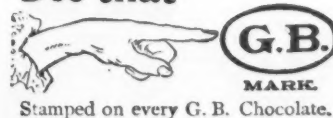
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The Drama.

NOTHING ever struck me as finer in the way of comedy than Julia Marlowe's work in the third scene of the third act in *The Love Chase*. In that place she is simply beyond compare. It would be sacrilege for any other actress on the Canadian circuit to attempt it. The curtain goes up and reveals her seated beside a table. That she is in a very indignant frame of mind her face advises you. Presently she emits the one word, "Booby." You know at once it is the hapless Wildrake of whom she speaks. Then that smiling paragon presents herself, stepping out in the pea-cock style prescribed by a tutor of deportment. He feels out of place but is dressing like a town gallant and, as he thinks, acting like one, in hopes of winning favor with Miss Constance, whom he supposes to be besieged with grand lovers. He bows profoundly. She quietly continues her fancy work, and at last snaps out the one word "Fool." It is from start to finish a masterly portraiture of feminine petulance and unreasonableness, she seizing every opportunity to plague and worry the simple countryman, yet resenting bitterly the idea of him casting favorable eyes on another woman. She indignantly demands to know why everything could not go on as it had been going. "He marry! He has no more need of a wife than have I." The conclusion of this peculiar love affair lacks dramatic merit. Miss Marlowe, as Constance, is required to stand around too long a time unoccupied, and Wildrake and she at the last minute come to terms and clasp hands in an altogether too perfunctory way. The consummation is unexpected on both sides, yet neither shows it sufficiently. Wildrake should evince his delight and surprise more markedly; Constance, as one who has expressed such contempt for him publicly and not knowing of the conspiracy among the others to bring them together, should look for some sign of interest on their part when she publicly accepts his proffered love. Yet they did not show, nor did she look for anything in the way of astonishment. In the closing scene, when all outstanding difficulties are so satisfactorily adjusted in one, two, three order, it seems to me that Miss Marlowe, after a magnificent performance, allows her genius to fall flat. It is not unlikely that she realizes the impossibility of making that scene artistic, and does not even attempt it. But if she would set her mind to it and still further alter the text, she could do it.

When the virtue of Lydia resists the attack of the handsome and wealthy Master Waller, we are thrilled with pleasure, but the moral is, to my taste, greatly impaired by the subsequent discovery that Lydia is of gentle blood, the missing sister of Master Trueworth. She might have given such an exhibition of virtue without being anybody's sister in particular. In that case it would have been a triumph of virtue rather than a proof of the excellence of the Trueworth strain of blood. In fact, in the time of Charles II. the Lydias were more likely to be found in the humbler walks of life than among the upper gentry.

H. A. Weaver, sr., is a fine old actor and, as Sir William Fendle, was above criticism. The old baronet would fain be thought young and long to marry Widow Green. As a possible excuse, if any be needed by his friends, he professes to find the supremacy of his daughter in the house irksome. I prefer to regard this as a subterfuge and not a sober grievance on his part. Rose Eytting, as Widow Green, is an actress far beyond the common. Robert Taber's absence from the company is felt. Whether the false report of his marriage to Miss Marlowe has had anything to do with his severance from the company is, of course, not known, although it is probable. But she will have some difficulty in finding so all-round suitable a man to play his role in her company.

Edward Barbour's dramatization of H. Rider Haggard's *She* has been running at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week, and has excited a great deal of interest. There are big opportunities in *She*, all of which have not been taken advantage of by Mr. Barbour. At the same time all the opportunities which, from a popular-theater standpoint, could be taken advantage of, have been levied upon. An abler man than Barbour, catering to a more expensive house, more pretentious artists than Summerfield, Browne and Eichel Raynes, aiming to pursue the lines of high art, might make a very great play of *She*. At the same time I am heartily glad I did not miss *She*, and those who have read the book and fail to see the play will have something to regret. You cannot expect to find the cream of the world's actors on the stage of a popular price house—you seldom find them on the stage of any house—nor should you expect too much in the way of scenic effects without paying for it, but the scenery in *She* can scarcely be surpassed by anything to-day on the road. The Swamps of the Zanzibar, the ruined city of Kor and the revolving pillars of fire are striking and their mechanism faultless.

The trouble with a play such as *She*, is, that

the variety fiend is sure to get into it before it goes far and ruin all the illusion of it utterly. At present the only singing is done by Job, who sings a song of youthful days in far-away England. But it may safely be predicted that by next season there will be sand jigs and other features introduced. The Amahaggag may safely be depended upon to do a war dance, when they come to think of it. Ustane may do a *dance du ventre* to illustrate how the Oriental abdomen has retained its flexibility through not having used the corsets of the Occident—and Kate Field says this is high art. Billali and his white friend, the Baboon, will probably emerge from opposite sides of the ruins of Kor, meet in the center, and sing *After the Ball*, while She will do a skirt dance on one of the rocky summits behind. It may be considered a good stroke of enterprise, also, to have old India, the witch, do the split as a part of her incantations. Of course she is bent double with age—all the better, a split on her part would be all the more unexpected and, hence, effective. I can see all these things coming after *She*, and sure to catch her next summer if not sooner. She has started out on an original tack, is stirring and full of merit, but like many a good play before her, She will be overtaken and carried back into the groove along which popular-price plays are doomed to run. Somebody must do the split, must dance and sing in defiance of all reason and sequence. Two years from now I predict that *She*, who must be obeyed will be preceded over the debris of Kor by two dozen fat-legged, unwholesome ballet girls, not one of them wearing enough clothes for a flea to hide under. That's something to be thankful for, of course, but it makes one angry to notice how idiotic variety acts creep into and stifle plays that start out possessing merit. MACK.

Want of charity and a great desire to laugh at the foibles and misfortunes of others, have always distinguished the human race, and that this characteristic has not diminished by the passage of ages is proved by the large number of lean people who went to the Academy of Music on Monday night to enjoy a hearty laugh at the expense of the fat men. The latter were not very numerous in the audience, which was perhaps as well—fat men take up a lot of room, and it is difficult to see through them—but they were well represented on the stage by Mr. W. Rice, whose mistakes and misfortunes would seem to indicate that in his countrymen of obesity are not always presidents and rulers even in their own households. The play is a catchy, lively piece and anyone troubled with the blues would do well to witness it. W. Rice, H. Starr and Ada Melrose are a great trio and their acting is well calculated to secure a long run of success to the Fat Men's Club. Besides many intensely ludicrous incidents, the piece contains some very jolly songs, and good specialties are sandwiched in which give people an opportunity of enjoying the versatile powers of Harry Starr and Ada Melrose. The song was exceedingly well rendered in the course of the performance and deservedly encored. The singer has a sweet voice which was greatly appreciated.

Prince Mignon is the center of attraction at Moore's Museum this week, and he is decidedly the most extraordinary being that has ever been seen there. The appearance of the little fellow, 19 inches high, and his demeanor when mimicking the style of a concert hall singer, are decidedly grotesque. Herbert Lamartine dances well, and the performance of the Dare Bros. on the trapeze is very clever. The curio hall is strong in its list of attractions. Besides Prince Mignon there are Gilbert's performing wolves, which are not exactly the kind of animals the majority of us would care to make pets of, and Alf. Sidney, the wood carver. There is also a clever musician whose name, Sig. Garcinne, is not Irish, and who plays very well on a many-stringed instrument. Mite and Midget, the pets of the children, are driven around daily, drawing a small carriage that would not exactly do for moving furniture.

Grenville P. Kleiser, the subject of the portrait which appears on the front page of this issue, is still a young Canadian, his age being measured in years, not in professional achievement. Taste, temperament and habit of thought all fitted him for the line of activity to which he was driven by ambition and in which he shines. The flattering local success which greeted his early efforts inspired Mr. Kleiser with a desire to merit the approval of a wider constituency. In the hope of developing his rare gifts Mr. Kleiser settled in New York, where he enjoyed the advantage of studying under Mr. Charles Roberts, the eminent teacher of elocution. A long course of study thoroughly fitted Mr. Kleiser for the recitals, which are the highest expressions of his art, and gave him also a mastery of those methods by which the greatest of American teachers impart his own knowledge to others. This particularly valuable experience in the Roberts School has qualified Mr. Kleiser for work as a teacher of elocution. His success in this branch of his profession has been conspicuous. While little more than a youth he was instructor to a large class in Toronto. After his first recital in Portland, Oregon, he was prevailed upon to remain temporarily in that city as teacher to a large circle of students. His success prompted the collegiate authorities to offer him the Professorship of Elocution in the Portland University. As an acceptance of this position would have involved a permanent absence from Canada, Mr. Kleiser was forced to decline the flattering offer. Since coming back to Toronto Mr. Kleiser has devoted himself to teaching, so far as his platform engagements would permit. His private pupils during the winter season fill up all his spare time, and many applicants he is unable to accept. His return to Toronto was also signified by the establishment of a series of high-class entertainments. The success of the five events which comprised Kleiser's Star Course for 1892-93 was instantaneous and complete. The genius of James Whitcomb Riley, Frank Lincoln, Leland T. Powers and Robert Nourse, filled the Horticultural Pavilion on each occasion with Toronto's best people. The success which the first season began is to be continued in 1893-94 by the appearance of such celebrities as Ovide Musin, Eugene Field, Russell H. Conwell, James Whitcomb Riley, Douglass Sher-

ley, Robert J. Burdette and A. A. Willits. As a teacher of elocution and the founder of a Star Course, Mr. Kleiser is distinguished, but his powers as a reader are deserving of most attention and worthy of most praise. He has filled engagements in many of the large cities of Canada and the United States during the last two years, in which time he has traveled over twenty thousand miles. The climax of his successful American tour was reached on Decoration Day of 1893, when he was engaged to appear in Dr. Talmage's great tabernacle in Brooklyn, N. Y. The vast audience applauded all his efforts and received with a triple encore Mr. Kleiser's rendition of the thrilling war poem, *On the Rappahannock*. Mr. Kleiser's recitals are adorned with the distinguishing characteristics of the Roberts school, which expresses in voice and gesture the poetic spirit of every work. The artistic advancement of Mr. Kleiser has been rapid and must be enduring. He has an effective stage presence, if that technical word be admissible, a glorious voice and a rare power of illustrating the true meaning of an author's lines in word and action. His art is not grooved. His wide sympathies give him the mastery of the whole range of expressed emotions. As an interpreter of the weird and sombre phases of life as seen by the poets he is not less successful than in efforts which glow with the smiles and sunshine of humor. All of Mr. Kleiser's work as a reader is enriched with the culture of the true artist and earnest student and is ennobled by that needed touch of nature without which art is empty and study is vain.

Miss Jessie Alexander is such an established favorite in Toronto that the annual recitals given by this talented young lady have now become fixed events at the beginning of each season of entertainments. There is no doubt that the high standard of literary merit of her past recitals will be maintained, and that her numerous admirers will crowd Association Hall on Friday, October 6.

Carl A. Haswin in the old favorite, *The Silver King*, new dressed and rejuvenated, will be at the Grand next week. Haswin will appear as Wilfred Denver, the role which he has made famous.

An Irishman's Love will be the bill at the Academy of Music next week, with Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday matinees.

The District Fair will be on the boards next week at Jacobs & Sparrow's.

Mrs. J. Kerr Lawson, well known in this city, has just issued from the London, Eng., press a new novel entitled *Dr. Bruno's Wife*. The Toronto News Company are the Canadian agents of the book. Dr. Edward Arbuckle is the central figure of the story, and the plot shifts from Scotland to Toronto, where the doctor is represented as on the hospital staff, and Miss Wyngrate, with whom he is in love, is first a patient and afterwards a nurse in the same institution. Dr. Bruno is located in Toronto, and Mrs. Trauant, whom he marries, is a society woman of this city. It is a cleverly told story and should make a run.

On the Rialto.

Mr. Mortimer Tick—Monty, I find I can get to Australia for sixty dollars. Now, Harpman owes me twenty-five and I've got twenty, and if you'll try to scratch around and let me have the other fifteen I'll start next week.

Mr. Montague Hook—I'll try it, old boy, but what in the world do you want to go to Australia for?

Mr. Mortimer Tick—(with a look of astonishment)—Why, I've never been there.

The Real Thing.

Mrs. Morris—I'm going to have some company this evening; can you make the punch, Collins?

Butler (reproachfully)—Can Ol make a punch, Mrs. Morris?

Mrs. Morris—But can you make a good punch, Collins?

Butler—Lave it to me, mum. Ol'll make yez a punch that'll knock 'em out in three rounds.

This is Vouched For.

BRONZED and brown the Colonel stood in the Queen street doorway of Eaton's emporium, waiting for his wife within. That morning the battalion, returning from Niagara camp, had marched proudly up the street, the Colonel in command. But now off duty he stood complacently stroking his tawny mustache and looking, as he is, every inch a soldier. When I shook hands with him and asked him to dine with me his eye twinkled.

"Thank you, so much, but I can't. I must get home," and he glanced down at his regimentals. "What do you think a young woman just asked me? I saw her looking at me intently, but that seemed natural enough. She had one of those perambulators, and she said, with a comprehensive look at my uniform and a smile of relief, 'Are you the man who takes care of the baby carriages?' She did, upon my honor. I think I had better get home. Infantry, by jove, but not baby carriages!"

A Martyr.

WITH burning brown eyes he looked out over the sea of faces watching him, ridiculing his garb, jeering his dignified pose, laughing at his steady stare. Ah, how he hated them, how he scorned them, he, born on sandy steppes, under burning skies, bred to freedom, adventure, lawlessness and the bitter hate and fierce love of the desert. How he despised them with their ill-bred, insolent looks, their snickering, rapid giggle, their hideous inartistic trappings and unnatural shapes, their vulgar assumption of superiority, their blatant ignorance, their narrow bigotry, their slavish following of the fetish fashion, their clumsy movements, their ungraceful gait, their stiff, angular figures, their grumbling, groveling greed of gold. *Laugh!* How low and base and contemptible they were! With curling lips and dilating nostril, he rose in easy, graceful motions; and with light, slow, stately step strode forward, every muscle tense, every fold

of his rich garments artistic and beautiful, with regal poise of head, and chin held aloft, with lithe limbs moving sinuously under the voluminous draperies of silk and gauze, with long slender fingers grasping his keen Damascus blade. And so much he hated those grinning, gaping faces, row upon row before him; so swelled his heart with contempt and proud disdain; so bitter was this place to him, and so homesick and alone he stood, a sight for jeering fools, that he groaned forth a Syrian malediction in a fairly demoniacal voice, as he faced his partner in misery. The whirling steel soothed him, he did not see the rows of grinning idiots; he felt his heart beat easier, and the pain faded as the fight grew quick and the blades flashed and clasped about his head. He looked into his partner's eyes, they were full of burning fury, they fascinated him, he muttered a Syrian word, "my brother," his brother cursed him and cut at his guard viciously. In an instant the murderous look died from his face, and he seemed to fall and falter. The sword play was over, the audience clapped, jeered and laughed. The Syrians looked at one another through brown eyes wet with sudden tears. They joined hands, that was part of the performance, but not on the bill was the clench they gave each other. As they bowed low before the laughing, gabbling rows of spectators they slyly spat upon the ground. Then they sank slowly, gracefully into their board seats, and with cold, expressionless brown eyes looked beyond the crowd to where the sun shone aslant through the doorway of the hall. Their martyrdom was over for a little, and they were glad to forget the misery of it; glad, too, each of them, that their good angel had turned their wrath aside before murder came of it. G. E. D.

She Chased Him.

MOST housewives in Toronto are well acquainted with the methods usually employed by itinerant vendors of smallwares, etc., in order to obtain an inspection of their goods by the lady of the house.

One west end woman who has several times lately been subjected to annoying experiences of this kind, evolved a scheme the other day which at least one peddler will remember, and no doubt take the lesson to heart.

She procured a revolver, loaded it with blank cartridges and placed it in a convenient position near the door.

Shortly afterwards the door bell sounded and the woman answered it.

"Can I sell you anything in this line?" asked the man, at the same time placing his foot between the open door and the frame, to prevent its being closed upon him.

"No, not to-day," answered the woman shortly.

"They are very cheap, and worth—" The woman quietly reached for the revolver, pointed it at the extended foot and fired. The manner in which the pedal extremity was withdrawn was equal to an exhibition of the speed of the trolley, while the man almost fainted from fright.

There is at least one house in Toronto that is not on the list of that particular peddler, and the woman is laying for the next victim.

ST. VRAIN.



It may sound strange, but a woman always wants a man of her sighs.

When a man doesn't see the point you are trying to impress on him, it doesn't improve his powers of perception to blacken his eyes.

"Do you know," said Mr. Soretos to a man who was sprawling about in front of him in a Queen street car, "you remind me of a character in one of Lowell's poems."

"Indeed?" queried the strap-clinger.

"Yes," said Mr. Soretos, as he put his feet in a safe place under the seat. "You remind me of Zekie in *The Courtin'*, because he stood a spell on one foot first, then stood a spell on 'other."

A PREVALENT AFFLICTION.

Giglamp—Didn't the policeman on the beat object when you were painting things red?

Stouder—Oh, he didn't notice anything; he was color blind.

AT THE BEAUSIDE.

Rev. Spiritwilling—Have you noticed the costumes that many of the still unconverted sisters wear?

Rev. Thorn-in-the-flesh—Yes, verily. They are admirably fitted for baptisms.

Stranger—Do policemen in Toronto carry whistles to call each other?

Native—I fancy so, for I often catch a policeman wetting his whistle.

Weary Wiggins—I've hit on a scheme to live on de fat of de land dis year.

Tired Traddles—Wot is it?

Weary Wiggins—I'm going to travel as a political canvasser and find out each man's politics from his neighbor before I tackle him.

When in their winter quarters Our darlings come to live, Will duce then wear the mittens That summer maidens give?

Reader—Affection doesn't spring solely from the heart according to the doctor.

Phoebe—No!

Reader—This book treats of affections of the liver, of the lungs and various other organs as well as of the heart.

Muirella—There was a terrible sensation at Narragansett last week.

Felice—Dear me! What was it?

Muirella—One of the summer engagements actually resulted in a marriage.

ARTHUR PETERSON.

In Sweet September.

For Saturday Night.

O'er fragrant wold and dewy mead,
Rich in the golden vestures of a day
That woove with suppliant grace and love divine
The Sun-God's latent warmth and hidden
Kisses, the nodding sheaves lead
In their zig-zag wanderings far away
To where the woodbine's tendrils twine
About the moss clad fence, and, all unbidden,
Cling with a sweet ecstatic ardor. Bright
Goldenrod bends to the wanton zephyr's call,
Imparting to the shadowy streamlet's shoes
A ruddier gleam and yellower light
Than glint from daisy's heart or fall
From rain-cloud's iridescent bow. Atween
The scintillating thorn-rows and among
The fields of waving buckwheat bloom,
The rabbit loses themselves in wild, enraptured
Revels of a mystic chase. "Neath clear sky soar
A flock of wild ducks in unbroken line
Of flapping wings. The curlew's mournful song
Sounds in the edward swamp, and mingling
With the river's sweet, sweet sighing
The plover's cry trills on the stony shore
And dies like vespers-bells in tinkling
Echoes on the breeze, and softly, slowly sailing
O'er star-lit skies with gray clouds dimly veiling
Its gold-encrusted disc steals the silver harvest-moon.
Brantford, H. CAMERON WILSON.

The Storm.

For Saturday Night.

Scarcely hidden was the moon, when
From each dark rolling cloud, in wondrous, awful form
Flamed the purple lightning.
So bright it glowed, that hill and stream, and lonely
wooded height
Shone in the lurid blue like burnished coin,
Or brass in furnace flames.
Then, like the distant roll of martial drums,
That nearer come, and louder peal,
Till earth is jarred with clamorous tumult,
Crashed the loud thunder.
Dread, glorious and awful; as
From the blackened sky, the fiery darts hurled
In awesome grandeur to the storm-swept earth,
Flashed far and wide with spectral gleam,
Like showers of burning gold.
Ard from the forest, rose
High and awful on the river air of night,
Deep uttered groans, as deep as those
Which came full from the bosom of the ancient King, when
Bound to adamant rocks he helpless saw
The glory of his harem borne away.
The tattered pine moaned to the cedar,
Whose bending head scarce ever left its place
Among tangled branches of the hemlock's crow,
So powerful was the blast that rode
Hard on the track of night.
The lonely night bird, crouched upon the bough,
In frozen terror gazed upon the scene;
Then, as the lightning smote the rugged oak with rending
shock
It dashed into the blackness of the storm.
But later came the morn,
And with the morn the mist-dispelling sun that smiled
And touched with warm and kindling rays
The drooping tangles of the lordly pine,
Now gently waving in the soft, south wind
That cools the sultry air. B. KELLY.

A Soiree at Vanity Fair.

For Saturday Night.

I have just got a letter, sweet-scented and small,
To attend a select soiree in Vanity Hall.
Both Folly and Wisdom will surely be there,
'Tis often we meet them at Vanity Fair.
'Twas a very fine evening, I went to the ball,
A motley crowd poured through the doors of the hall,
O'er to the platform where Sir Jester stood
Arranged as a Mock in town, beads at a hood.
Sweet Vainity flirted with gay Mr. Mirth,
They talked all the scandal ever heard on this earth.
Pride glared into space, as with haughty mien,
Miss Prudence rallied by with the air of a queen.
She rowled at poor Wisdom, who tried to console
And pour Balm of Gilead on his wounded soul.
I next saw little Folly, with wand, cap and bell
Float by on the arm of a terrible swell.
No other than Blander, who ever has been
Dressed gay and best where'er he's seen.
Oh Folly, poor Folly, you'll surely be caught,
I'm afraid you're not a chavvy quill as you ought!
At supper were served the best stories that go
As salads; the drawings and sauces I know
Were characters blackened by Scandal, the cook,
Who has the best recipe for that in her book.
In the world; in the mad world, too, tit-bits were seen.
Of all that our neighbors were, are, or seem.
The cupboard skeletons had also been asked
Up and mixed with truth in the cake.
The long, though nice, was a hard nut to crack,
'Twas all the sweet stories that had traveled back
To their owners, truth when they started, false at the end,
Well beaten together with the love of a friend.
They laughed and they chatted in Vanity Hall
As they tasted the sweet things provided for all.
They drank the red wine, that it bled of a fiend
And Vanity's soiree thus came to an end. AMY GORDON.

A Myth.

A-floating, a-floating,
Across the sleeping sea,
All night I heard a singing bird
Upon the topmost tree.
"Oh, come you from the Isles of Greece,
Or from the banks of Rhine;
Or from some tree in forest free,
That fringe the Western main!"
"I came not off the Old World,
Nor yet from off the New;
But I am one of the birds of God,
Which sing the whole night through."
"Oh, sing and wake the dawning—
Oh whistle for the wind!"
The night is long, the current strong,
My boat it lags behind."
"The current sweeps the Old World,
The current sweeps the New;
The wind will blow, the dawn will glow,
Ere thou hast sailed them through."
CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Fancy.

A form of mist by sunlight kissed,
Born by the wind along;
Such is the dream which like a gleam
Shines in the poet's song.
What is the thought by fancy wrought
In love's fantastic mood?
Ever anon it comes—its gone
Half glimpsed, half understood.
Frederic F. Sherman, in *Godey's*.

An Epigram.

"The value of
creased twenty
observed a den's
New York friend
that!"
"I should say,"
miles, that the
there was making

Between You and Me.

UE have all been told at certain exasperating moments of our lives that patience is a virtue. It is the queen of virtues, and the longer I live the more do I appreciate its beneficent power. If we could put in practice the apostolic injunction and let patience have her perfect work, we should defy wrinkles and have no need of face massage. I thought of this last week, when our streets were crowded with an impatient and bewildered multitude of visitors; when fathers abused their reckless sons and mothers yanked along their sobbing daughters; when husbands snapped and wives sulked, and voices lost their sweetness and hearts were sore. About five o'clock patience became a virtue that was exceeding scarce. Then did little feet lag and little lips pout, and dusty, disheveled women and frowning men give evidence of its scarceness. In such sad straits one could almost forgive them, but there are lots of lesser evils which drain our patience to the dregs, though if we properly respected ourselves they would not. There is the trial of contradiction, especially when we are reasonably sure we have right on our side. There is the trial of disappointment, the subtle torture of delay, the distress of misunderstanding, the smart of neglect, the wound of scorn—all these try our patience, to see of what strength it is. There is a strength of patience which triumphs over all of these; a self-control and sweetness which blesses her who cherishes it, only more than those who receive its gentle and soothing influence.

The idea that if one is too patient one is imposed upon, need not deter you and me from trying for this virtue. A little backslide occasionally would be overwhelming and effective in cases of imposition, quite worth the subsequent climbing back and self-reproach. Patience, under imposition, isn't at all likely to be the rule in these independent days, but patience under annoyances which now fret us and take from us our self-sweetness, is a virtue that it will pay to cultivate.

A man stood upon a packing-box in that dense crowd which thronged the lake front on the occasion of the labor demonstration in Chicago last month. His face was thin and his chin was darkened with a week's growth of beard, his narrow eyes were sharp and sly, and his long bony hands waved impulsively as he addressed the crowd. He was warning them against the arguments of those who were advising patience and promising better times to come. "I'm tired of 'bein' patient," he said with an oath. "No good never come 'waitin'. Force 'em to see us righted, I'm sick of 'patience.' It made me smile in the midst of squalor and terror to hear that man; I knew by the look and move and gesture of him that patience and he had never met; and when a giant German recommended him to tell the crowd 'some sense' I knew more than one of us mistrusted his statements.

Did you ever see a labor meeting in a big city like Chicago? The first thing you feel like saying is, "What right have these people to make riots?" Poles, small and wicked-looking, Germans, stolid and sententious, Irish, few but full of fight, Swedes, Danes, Italians, all strangers in the land, the great throng whom Chicago houses, clothes, feeds, but who turn and rend the city of their adoption. It isn't America for the Americans, even for the foreign naturalized Americans. The population runs, as to numbers, Germans, Americans, Irish, Swedes, and then the mongrel lot of swarthy and strange-spoken emigrants from every nation under heaven. Part of Chicago is a German city without the order and the ever-dominant soldier-element of the Fatherland. Part is Irish, a hideous parody of the blithesome and dare-devil Celts and the sweet-voiced and wholesome colleens. Part, too dark to be pretty picnic-grounds even for a journalist, re-echoes the liquid accents of the Italian, the hoarse, sombre speech of all and sundry the swarthy hordes from Eastern Europe, the men who make riots in a land which is not theirs. A mosaic of men and minds, some of whose atoms are red with blood!

To come from tragedy to comedy, we strolled one day into the Board of Trade, when something interesting was going on in wheat. Everyone should take in this performance, if they enjoy a bit of fun. You march up to a gallery, which is often quite crowded, and stand or sit looking down on the main floor, where the little amphitheatres devoted to the manipulation of wheat, lard, barley, etc., are to be inspected. They are called pits, and are depressed circles lined with rows of ascending steps, the top one being on a level with the floor. The wheat pit was full. On every row of steps men crowded, pushed and perspired; occasionally a man would shout, and a dozen shouts would answer him, while a dozen hands were thrust out, shaken, waved in the air, in answer. Buying and selling went on in this peculiar fashion, thousands of bushels, thousands of dollars, with a wave and a shout, but neither wheat nor money visible. Occasionally during a momentary lull, we had some fun. One man made great play with a peacock's feather, with which he tickled the ears and noses and decorated the backs of various excited individuals. Another lit a vesuvius and stuck it in the ventilator in the top of a sailor hat. The owner of the hat shouted, the vesuvius burned bright, the hat was in danger of destruction, when some friend in need informed the owner of the little torch he was unconsciously carrying aloft. Hate was trampled under foot, coats pulled off and thrown out on the main floor, and the scrimmages when some exciting deal was in progress would not have disgraced a football team. Handsome men, shouting and dancing, ugly mugs raving and pommeling—the mystery of the American man explained!

An Explanation of It.

"The value of real estate in Brooklyn increased twenty millions last year," proudly observed a denizen of that pious suburb to a New York friend. "What do you say to that?"

"I should say," responded the cynical Gothamite, "that the rapid growth of cemeteries there was making land scarce."



THE old Dutch navigator, who, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, sailed through Torres Straits without discovering either of the immense islands that it separates, made a worse mistake than that made by Columbus a hundred years earlier when, after surmounting untold difficulties, he reached an insignificant island and retired, little dreaming that he had but touched at one of the outworks of a new and mighty continent.

When in the beginning of the seventeenth century a second Dutchman discovered the great Southern Continent and named it New Holland, his report was treated with little respect in Amsterdam because of the influence of navigator number one, who maintained that no such country existed or he would have found it. While the rival Dutchmen and their descendants were disputing about the existence or non-existence of a Terra Australia, England was doing some reckless plunging in the real estate business, losing and winning empires at a throw. Thus it came about that Captain Cook, landing in Botany Bay one fine morning, discovered the country properly and hoisting the British flag took possession in the name of King George and the Dragon. The country had a sparse population of blackfellows, but nearly every adult male was a king in his own right. The sailors of Cook, seeing crowds of strange beings on the hillsides, took them for the subjects of the black kings and tried to elicit from the rulers of the country some information concerning their supposed subjects.

"Kan gar-oo, kan gar-oo," (I do not understand you), replied the blackfellows, and thence the big Australian marsupial gained its name. This is the story as told with certain variations around innumerable camp fires even at the present time, and it has probably as much truth in it as the average tradition has after a century or two of bush life.

Late in the eighteenth century Britain commenced sending her convicts to Botany Bay and Van Dieman's Land, continuing this mode of colonization for fifty years, when strong opposition from the free settlers caused the practice to be abandoned. Many of the convicts were sent to Australia for trivial offences, but association with more pronounced criminals for from three to six months on the voyage out, hardened the less vicious into thorough-paced scoundrels before their arrival in Botany Bay. The horrors of a convict ship were second only to those of a slave. Perhaps a better assorted collection of fiends in human form was never got together than that landed on Australian shores by the Conqueror, one of the earliest convict vessels; at any rate no Australian cares now to boast that his ancestors came over with the Conqueror. The British Government of the day, however, having transformed a crowd of common sinners into a mob of demons, generously prepared a place of torment for its diabolical creation.

"Do you think there's a heaven?" tremulously asks an aged convict when contemplating suicide in Marcus Clarke's novel.

"I know there's a hell," is his companion's fierce reply.

The Maoris of New Zealand are a fierce and warlike race, but the poor "blackfellow" of Tasmania and Australia was too low in the scale of civilization to even fight for his rights. When the convicts had served out their sentences they were ten times worse men than when they first started on a career of crime. They had become used to scenes of bloodshed and cruelty. A "blackfellow" was looked on by them as something little better than an opossum and scarcely so good as a kangaroo. When the ex-convicts began to settle on land they were considerably annoyed by the thieving propensities of the natives. The poor, ignorant blackfellow had not learned the trick of civilization, whereby a man may live off the labor of another and be honored for so doing. "Jackey," in his heathen blindness, used to



King Tom of the Derrinallum Tribe.

visit smoke-houses and granaries by the light of the southern cross, and was ruthlessly shot and trapped for so doing. There are men still living who can tell of finding the fingers of blackfellows in their traps in the morning. Poor Jackey is now one of the lost arts in Tasmania. The last of the dynasty died a few years ago. Gunpowder, whisky and disease soon civilized him off the face of the earth. We often hear the bible spoken of as the source from which Britain has derived her greatness, but when we think of John Bull's treatment of weaker races we wonder if it is not sacrilege to attribute his success to the book that proclaims "Peace on earth and good will toward men."

Though the blackfellows of Tasmania are extinct, there are still considerable numbers of the race living in Australia, where the

ROYAL WOMEN OF EUROPE.



VII.—H. M. The Queen of the Belgians.

different governments have taken them under their paternal care. In the older colonies they have been gathered into mission stations and an effort is being made to civilize them, but the success of the effort is yet doubtful. They show a decided aversion to work of any kind, but this is about the only sign one can detect of their approach to the standard of white men.

On religious lines they are also making but slow progress, though the best efforts of missionaries are being given in their behalf. In his primitive state the Australian aboriginal



King Billy and his Two Wives.

seemed to have no idea of God or of a future state of existence. Some dim perception permeated his brain of a certain Bun-Yip or big fellow, a sort of water demon that his imagination pictured as living in the lagoons, but regarded more as an object of fear than of worship. Of late years, however, Jackey faces death with the hope that he will "bimeby jump up whitefellow, with plenty chixpence." A white skin and a plentiful supply of money are his ideas of perfect happiness, and perhaps he has as good a right as another to frame a conception of heaven.

Jackey's weapons, when he roamed the Australian bush a free, untutored savage, were a spear, a waddy or club, and a boomerang. As there were no savage animals to contend against, these, combined with stratagems peculiarly his own, were sufficient for his modest demands. The spear and waddy were the more useful weapons; the boomerang, notwithstanding travelers' marvelous tales, was used principally as a plaything or to knock over an occasional cockatoo or parrot.

The natives, both men and women, were expert climbers. All through the country trees may still be seen with parallel rows of nicks up their gigantic trunks, whereby Jackey or his "gin" ascended to catch the nocturnal opossum. They were specialists in all kinds of woodcraft. Their skill in following a trail surpassed that of the North American Indians. A number of the younger and smarter of the surviving blackfellows are employed as an auxiliary to the police force. When a man commits a crime and escapes to the bush, or a child strays away and becomes lost, one or two black trackers are sent for and started on the trail. With marvelous swiftness and unerring skill they will follow it where the keenest eye of a white man cannot detect the faintest sign of a footprint. Many remarkable stories are told of their astonishing success at this work.

Some years ago a robbery was committed by two natives who got away into the bush. The black trackers were sent for and started in pursuit, but not before the thieves had got a start of thirty-six hours. It promised to be a case requiring all the skill and instinct of the trackers. It was blackfellow against blackfellow and the same cunning would aid the pursued as the pursuers. For three days the trackers, accompanied by mounted policemen, followed the trail. Occasionally it was lost where the thieves had crossed a stream or in some other way attempted to baffle pursuit, thus causing considerable delay. On the morning of the fourth day a spot was reached, where, evidently feeling themselves safe from pursuit, the thieves had halted for some hours. "Jackey one big fool," said the trackers. "Him all along here last night. Ketchum plenty quick now. Eatum too much 'possum. Not know blackfellow after him." The chase now became a hot one, as the trackers said the thieves were only two hours ahead. During the whole day it lasted, for the game was far too wary to be caught without making

a last bold run for liberty. They could hear the noise of the troopers' horses crashing among the dry branches, and realizing that their enemies were close behind them called into play all the swiftness of their limbs and the cunning of their natures to foil their pursuers. Just about sundown the trackers and policemen stood at the edge of a shallow lagoon into which tracks were plainly visible, but though the trackers searched carefully all around it no trace could be found of a footprint leading out of it. For a time they seemed puzzled, but, after once more examining the surroundings minutely, and holding a consultation among themselves, they pointed to a spot in the lagoon where a few reeds and rushes were growing. "Jackey in dere," said they. "Tinkum blackfellow no findum. Guessum big fool."

It was some minutes before the policemen, who were from Melbourne and not well acquainted with native ways, could understand where the thieves were concealed, for of all strange hiding-places theirs was surely the strangest. Lying down among the rushes at the bottom of the shallow lagoon, with reeds in their mouths through which to breathe, they had thought themselves safe, but they did not know that trained trackers of their own race were after them.

But with all King Jackey's cunning he has a very low order of intelligence, and being matched against the larger-brained, plebeian whitefellow must soon become a past participant in Australian affairs. The Maoris, on the contrary, had brains enough to reserve for themselves large tracts of the best of the land in New Zealand, and now take their places in the legislative halls of the country and have no immediate intention of conveniently dying out in order that the British race may reign supreme. The descendants of Ham in Dixie's Land have bred and mustered in surprising quantities, and are well satisfied to always have bread and mustard, with an occasional rabbit. The North American Indians, where gathered into reservations, are slowly increasing in numbers. There is some hope for even Poor Lo, but the Australian blackfellow will, in the language of the poets, soon be a gone cocc.

Not a whit more provident than the blackfellow and with religious views almost as hazy, were a vast majority of the members of the Old Colonial School that is now too rapidly becoming a thing of the past. An old-timer was once relating to me some of his personal experiences and observations on things in general. Heaven, he said, would be too full of preachers to possess many attractions for him. At another time he told me of being thrown from a horse and severely injured one night as he rode alone through the paddock. After lying there till the following forenoon, he was picked up insensible, and only his fine constitution saved his life. He described to me his sensations as he was losing consciousness.

"I could feel I was badly hurt," he said. "I was losing blood fast. I thought I was dying and had no desire to save myself. As I lay there I looked up into the sky where the southern cross was brightly shining, and wondered which star I should inhabit next."

The convict element no doubt played quite an important part in the early history of some of the Australian colonies, and occasionally found its way into the legislative halls. Some members of the early Legislative Councils and Legislative Assemblies undoubtedly were "lugs," but this does not justify the statement that the letters M. L. C. and M. L. A. borne by members of those bodies originally meant "mustn't leave the colony" and "mustn't leave Australia."

Australia has a literature peculiarly her own describing the strange, wild, fascinating life of the early days. Even before gold was dreamt of no other country could furnish so many attractions for restless, adventurous men. A glorious, healthful out-door climate all the year round, imparted new life to men who had left the civilization of the old world with nerves and fortunes shattered. The timid shrinking cockney, afraid of his own shadow,

after two or three years of Australian "up country" life became the bold and fearless stock rider, the enthusiastic kangaroo hunter, or the leader of a wild chase after bush rangers. Wealth was not acquired rapidly in those days, but life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were there in sufficient quantities to have satisfied Tom Jefferson himself. Sheep raising was about the only industry at that time, but only the wool and tallow were of any value. For mutton there was only the local demand, not sufficient for one-hundredth part of the supply. Thousands of carcasses of sheep were burned or left for the wild dogs to hold high carnival over. With the discovery of gold, however, the circumstances of the country were materially changed. Meat went up in price, but men could scarcely be induced to remain on the sheep stations. Visions of gold filled their dreams and the somewhat monotonous routine of station life had lost its charms. Everybody who could get there was flocking to the diggings. Wages rose enormously, shearers demanded the wool for taking it off the sheeps' backs. The governments became short of money to enforce law and order among the multitude that was streaming into Australia. The best land in the country was offered for sale at a pound an acre in order to raise funds. The people were crazed with gold fever and raised no protest at thus being despoiled of their heritage.

"Behind our wild, blue mountains,
Are empires to be sold;
There's wealth enough to pay it all
In bright Australian gold."

Thus sang the poet of the time, and his sentiments were echoed by thousands who were afterwards to realize their mistake. Wealthy squatters, sheep-farmers and others who were shrewd enough to observe that the vast majority of gold hunters were becoming poorer instead of richer and that the land must prove in the end the only sure and safe source of wealth, purchased from the government thousands of acres in large blocks free from all restrictions, and the "unearned increment" on the same has since made them multi-millionaires. The single tax idea finds more earnest supporters in Australia than in any other country according to population, not so much because of the correctness of the theory or the superior intelligence of the people, as on account of the mistakes made by the governments in the early days of the gold rush. When the excitement had somewhat subsided, thousands of men began to look about with the intention of settling on land, only to find that all the best of the country had been alienated from the crown, and their only chance was to go into the rough scrub country or the "back blocks" to take up selections and make homes for themselves. Even of inferior land there was not enough left to go round, and the consequence is that at the present time a lot of good energy that ought to be employed in agricultural pursuits is being wasted in discussing the single tax along the Melbourne docks. It is enough to make a man adopt Henry George as his patron saint, to ride through miles of country owned by one man and supporting not more than half a dozen others, except in the shearing season, when the same land divided into small farms would be sufficient for hundreds of families.

But the average Australian is not going to make himself miserable because of a blunder committed forty years ago. He believes in his country and intends to live and die there. His out-door life gives him a clear brain and a stout heart. He faces death and even life itself with a considerable degree of fortitude. He



Queen Mary of the Ballarat Tribe.

spends months and years in that great "up country" called the "bush," his only excitement an occasional kangaroo hunt, and his sole literature the weekly paper and a superannuated, half-crown, paper covered volume of Gordon's poems. He doesn't love Gordon so much because he was a poet as because he was an old bush man and the best amateur steeple-chase rider in the colonies. He doesn't keep the volume of poems to read. Bless you, no. He reads them all years ago. Knows them by heart now, only he can't think of them. "Used to know Gordon when he lived up country. Him and me worked together for years. He was a queer feller, and we never used to know what to make of him, the rest of us boys." This is the way the old station hand up country talks. The number of men in Australia who have worked with Adam Lindsay Gordon and Sir Roger Tichborne is one of the peculiarities of the country and proves beyond the shadow of a doubt the wonderful salubrity of the climate. The class who have worked with Gordon are rather the more numerous, as well becomes a patriotic people. The author of Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes was the first and truest interpreter of the poetry of Australian bush life. His admirers are among the cultured classes of Melbourne and Sydney, but his devout worshippers live "up country" and have never read a word he has written.

NOTABLE EVENTS IN HISTORY

NO. 11.—OLIVER CROMWELL.

There is perhaps no personage in English history so enthusiastically praised and so violently condemned as Oliver Cromwell. Some regard him as the greatest of Englishmen whose seeming faults were forced upon him by the necessities of his position and the conditions of his day. Others consider him a type of boorish and brutal strength turned to fierce and dramatic use in an unexampled period of history. Perhaps no better estimate of Cromwell's character has ever been written than that by Lord Clarendon, and we will quote from it:

"Cromwell possessed great abilities, both as a soldier and a statesman, but his actions were dictated by personal ambition to a greater extent than they were by love of country. His character was well suited to the times and the work he had to accomplish, and he played his part, doubtless, better than any other man could have done; yet, his contradiction of excessive piety and lack of moral principle mark him as a man who acted a double part and wanted to appear what he really was not."

"He was one of those men whom his very enemies could not condemn without commending him at the same time; for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage, industry and judgment. He must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humors of men, and as great a dexterity in applying them: who, from a private and obscure birth (though of a good family) without interest or estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humors and interests into a consistency that contributed to his designs and to their own destruction; whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he had climbed, in the instant that they projected to demolish their own building. What was said of Cinna may be justly said of him: 'He attempted those things which no



good man durst have ventured on, and achieved those in which none but a valiant and great man could have succeeded.' Without doubt, no man with more wickedness ever attempted anything, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in contempt of religion and moral honesty. Yet, wickedness as great as his could never have accomplished those designs without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sagacity and a most magnanimous resolution."

"When he appeared first in the parliament, he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those talents which use to conciliate the affections of the stander-by. Yet, as he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had concealed faculties, till he had occasion to use them, and when he had to act the part of a great man he did it without indecency, notwithstanding the want of custom."

"After he was confirmed and invested Protector he consulted with very few upon any action of importance, nor communicated any enterprise he resolved upon with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it; nor with them sooner than was absolutely necessary. What he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any contradiction of his power and authority, but extorted obedience from them who were unwilling to yield it."

"Thus he subdued a spirit that had been often troublesome to the most sovereign power, and made Westminster Hall as obedient and subservient to his commands as any of the rest of his quarters. In all other matters which did not concern the life of his jurisdiction, he seemed to have had great reverence for the law, rarely interfering between party and party. As he proceeded with this kind of indignation and haughtiness with those who were refractory and durst contend with his greatness, so towards all who complied with his good pleasure and courted his protection, he used great civility, generosity and bounty."

"To reduce three nations, which perfectly hated him, to an entire obedience to all dictates; to awe and govern those nations by an army that was undevoted to him, and wished his ruin, was an instance of a very pro-

On the Other Side.



Mrs. Henry Peck (looking up from her paper)—Ah! well, poor Hyson is rid of his trouble and misery at last.
Mr. Henry Peck (in astonishment)—Why, I didn't know his wife was sick! When did she die?—Puck.

digious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it."

"To conclude his character: Cromwell was not so far a man of blood as to follow Machiavel's method, which prescribes, upon a total alteration of government, as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all the heads of those, and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old one. It was confidently reported, that in the council of officers it was more than once proposed, 'that there might be a general massacre of all the royal party, as the only expedient to secure the government,' but that Cromwell would never consent to it; it may be, out of too great a contempt of his enemies. In a word, as he was guilty of many crimes against which damnation is denounced, and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some good qualities which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated."

Such was Oliver Cromwell who caused Charles I. to be beheaded and usurped the British throne from thence until his death. He tried to install his son as a successor but it would have been incredible had a new man arisen from the people to pick up the dropped rod of mastership. Such men do not flock after each other. None but another such as he could have continued his rule. Charles II. regained the throne and the student of history cannot but wish that Cromwell had come later, allowing Charles I. to live out his virtuous reign and had saved England from the clutches of that unfortunate monarch's profligate and licentious son."

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Replies unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

ZITTA.—I received your pretty enclosure, which I shall prize very much. Thank you sincerely for it. It came as a birthday present.

SHILAK.—You are generous, kind, and anxious for approbation, bright and vivacious in manner, hopeful and of excellent determination, apt to make the best of life, somewhat imaginative, self-reliant and a little egotistic. You have some tact, and rather remarkable discretion.

ALMON.—I am afraid you have had a long time to wait. Your writing shows light but constant will, some sense of humor, a graceful fancy, and a taste for refined and dainty pursuits. Your manner is bright and vivacious and you are a little fond of change. Energy, snap and frankness are shown, and rather a dislike to control in any shape.

HAYDEN, L. P.—You are refined in feeling and tastes, somewhat imaginative, open to influence and of rather an impulsive nature. Your temper is not very easy-going enough for the Sunny South, as it shows capacity of occasional fire when crossed. A feminine and rather charming personage, Hayden.

ELLIS.—You are impulsive, hasty, prejudiced and self-assertive, with excellent force and constancy, a firm will and some imagination. Your words and opinions are sometimes a little harsh and you are over frank at times; the lighter traits of hope, buoyancy and quick wit are not observable. I think time will perhaps temper your more

pronounced characteristics to your great advantage.

CHARINA.—This is the writing of a sensitive person, lacking decision and firmness of will, but with undoubted ability and rather a fine promise. I cannot give a very satisfactory study, as the lines indicate too much indecision to be properly matured. Perseverance, sequence of ideas, some taste and a high standard of honor are shown. The writer is not original, but has some perception and ability.

RATHBURN.—You are very orderly, rather conservative, but quite free from prejudice, rather a sympathetic and receptive mind; good judgment, refinement, truth, and a desire for perfection are shown, excellent discretion and self-control, but no marked decision or tenacity of purpose. You are tasteful, love beauty and all harmonious things and are a bit of an idealist, I do hope you are not giddy when you read this, for giddy folk are sometimes difficult to please. You have a delightful character.

ALBERTA H.—Your question is utterly ridiculous. How on earth could I tell whether you would be happy if you were to marry for a home? 2. Your writing shows better promise than your question. You are very constant in affection and purpose, averse to change and rather easily pleased, candid and though sometimes careless of details conscientious and desirous of perfection. Some idealism, very little intuitive perception, a somewhat hopeful and energetic nature and a capacity for much affection are yours.

BESSIE MORGAN.—1. The wild flowers came on a certain birthday and were much admired. Accept my thanks for the pretty enclosure. 2. Your writing shows much originality, extreme idealism and a rather strong will. You hold to your opinions tenaciously, are quiet in manner and deliberate in conclusions, very truthful and honest, lacking the sixth sense, tact, and being quite incapable of *finagles*. You find consecutive thought difficult and your ideas are apt to fly loose. You love pretty things, but your taste is not highly cultured. You are loving, capable of deep feeling and rather an example of "still waters run deep."

GALATHEA.—You certainly sent coupon enough. The two words, "Correspondence Coupon," are all that is necessary. As you don't get the paper regularly I suppose there is a doubt as to your seeing your study, which is very stupid, for ten minutes work may be thrown away. This is really my "earliest convenience." 2. Your writing shows much regard for appearance, some conversational ability, pride, and a little caution. You do not trust everyone. Some tact and method, self-esteem, capacity of affection, firm will and rather a pleasant temper are shown. You are apt to idealize and the fact adds much to your happiness.

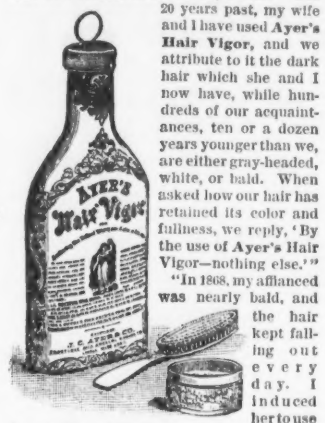
H. BEE.—Your writing does not give the impression of great age, but it does give the idea of a bright and pleasant person. I ask for original matter because when a study is copied the writing is rarely natural and spontaneous. People sometimes write utter trash, but their study shows very fine and intellectual characteristics. 2. You are extremely prone to idealize, and your imagination is vivid. You are cheerful, contented, bright and a little bit inquisitive. I call you contented, but you have some ambitions nevertheless. Your temper is excellent, and you are careful and orderly. Decision, snap and concentration are not marked, but I think you are more charming without them!

KILMER.—You can study Frost on graphology. I recently got track of a splendid French work, which is highly recommended by Madame Bignol, the delegate from Paris to the Woman's Congress at Chicago. She values her knowledge of graphology very highly, finding it of the greatest service in managing the incorrigibles who occasionally come under her care, as superintendent of the St. Lazare Mission to released woman prisoners in Paris. I was much interested in hearing from her of the insight she got into the personalities of her poor proteges from the study of their hand writing. The French book is Crepiaux's *Guide des Ecrivains Châtivés*. I do not know just where it is to be had, but McKenna of Yonge street could probably obtain it for you.

LYNNAL HALL.—I hope you are back at your work and will see your study this week. It is quite impossible for me to do anyone's delineation before some set time. Everyone is taken in their turn, so far as dates are given. Yours is such a pretty and attractive study that I was quite sorry to pass it over for so many weeks. 2. Your writing shows extreme truth and sincerity, with a very honorable and conscientious mind. You are not dashing, but very reliable and constant, thoughtful rather than brilliant, with capacity for thorough work and sufficient enterprising and imagination. You are hopeful, a little self-willed, careful and systematic, and desire success, even if it necessitates hard work. A capacity for self-denial and very constant affection is yours, and while not reserved you are discreet.

A Gentleman

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Ayer's Hair Vigor, and very soon, it not only checked any further loss of hair, but produced an entirely new growth, which has remained luxuriant and glossy to this day. I can recommend this preparation to all in need of a genuine hair-restorer. It is all that it is claimed to be."—Antonio Alarum, Bastrop, Tex.

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BEAUBASSIN:

A TALE OF THE ACADIANS.

By MALCOLM W. SPARROW.

Author of "Matavanda," "The Romance of Latour," "The Portrait," etc.

[Note.—In the above sketch The Archives of Nova Scotia, have been the principal references. I have also referred to letters from an impartial Frenchman, Hamey's History of Acadia, Pakenham's Montcalm and Wolfe, and Murdoch's History of Nova Scotia, and while claiming the privilege of the story teller, I have sought to be as authentic as possible, hoping to set before the reader an incident of history which is not generally known as is the exile of the Acadians so pathetically described by Longfellow.—M. W. S.]

Many years ago, when France and Great Britain were disputing bitterly over the boundary-line of Nova Scotia, there was in existence upon the Chignecto isthmus a small Acadian village called Beaubassin, consisting of an hundred and forty dwellings, a mill, a blacksmith shop and a little Mission chapel. On either hand were meadows, and rich, alluvial marsh lands, which gave succulent pasturage to vast numbers of sheep and cattle. Southward surged the yellow waters of Chignecto Bay, with half a mile of red mire exposed below the marsh whenever the tide was out. Northward the dreary forest skirted the open lands like an immense barrier, and the melancholy pines and hemlocks loomed over the dense, dark groves of spruce, seemed like solemn sentinels. Here the howl of the wolf, the bellowing of the moose, and the childlike cry of the panther made the nights dismal; and as the echoes reverberated through the slumbrous atmosphere, sheep bleated in their folds in alarm, and cattle started from their slumber. Little children, waking from their dreams, listened with tremulous hearts to the sounds, then quickly drew their heads beneath the counterpane and lay trembling and scarcely breathing until returning sleep relieved them of their terror. Westward flowed the Misagash, a small tidal river, through a labyrinth of dykes to the bay, and beyond the stream arose the hill of Beausejour, with a fort upon its summit over which floated the fleur-de-lis of France. Eastward was another hill, soon to be crowned with another fort at whose flagstaff would eventually be seen the royal ensign of Great Britain.

In close proximity to the chapel was the priest's dwelling, a small frame structure, with thatched roof and dormer windows, a vine-grown porch and whitewashed walls. Before it waved a broad spreading hemlock beneath which stood one of those high-backed benches or settles, so commonly used by the gossips of the time of the early kings of France. Upon this bench, one pleasant afternoon, there sat a man with a grizzled, austere physiognomy. He wore the black, broad brimmed hat and the black robe of a Jesuit; in his right hand he held the cord which girdled his waist. Before him a young man paced to and fro, with an expression of keen concern upon his handsome countenance.

"You shall do as I direct, my son," said the priest sententiously. "I expect to be obeyed." The young man stopped before him with an impatient air. He was quite a youth, but tall and well proportioned. He wore a blue coat trimmed with red and gold, red breeches, black high-topped boots, and a gold laced hat with black cockade; at his side he carried a sword, which, with uniform and epaulettes, signified that, despite his Acadian features he was a lieutenant in the French army.

"But why have you chosen me?" said he, with a show of displeasure. "There are others who have far more influence with the Indians." "Perhaps, but none who would suit my purpose so well."

"And your purpose is—"

"To crush out the English," interrupted the priest vindictively.

"Then by heaven," exclaimed the youth with vehemence, "you cannot depend on me. I will have nothing to do with this enterprise. It is unjust. It is outrageous. I am no savage, to steal upon these people and murder them in cold blood. I am a Frenchman and a soldier, and I have not yet lost my sense of honor. Peace has been declared between the two nations, and for a Frenchman to take part in a raid during that peace is a violation of the treaty. Besides, think of their women—their children—their little babes in the mothers' arms. It is cruel. It is villainous, and I will not do it."

The priest sprang to his feet in a fury. "What!" he cried, "do you dare presume? Is it for this that I took you an orphan from your dying mother's arms, to nurture you to manhood? Is it for this that I, Joseph La Loutre, have given you a father's tuition, a father's care, a father's love, a father's blessing? And has it come to such a pass that I, the Vicar-General of Acadia, am to be told what is right and wrong by a mere stripling? I tell you, Claude Belliveau, that unless you undertake this expedition, unless you lead these Indians against the English as I direct, I shall denounce you as a traitor. I shall pronounce my curse upon you. I—"

"Oh, most reverend father, spare me!" cried the young man entreatingly. "Do not have me do this deed. In the name of our Blessed Lady I entreat you to absolve me from such an undertaking."

"It is useless to bandy words," cried the irate priest. "It is for me to command, you to obey."

The expression of the youth's face changed quickly to defiance. He drew himself to his full height.

"No," he cried, "you are mistaken. I am an officer of the French army. My commander is Monsieur La Corne. I shall appeal to him."

"It will be useless," answered the reverend father. "He has assigned you to me for this service."

The expression of the youth's countenance signified that his last hope had fled.

"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" he cried. What shall I do?"

"You will do as I say. You are in my power."

"But, good father, is there absolutely no other course?"

"None! none!" cried the priest passionately. "Why do you delay? Be quick, speak! Will you do it?"

The youth stood before him dejected and forlorn. A thousand thoughts flitted through his mind the while he demurred. Finally he

raised his head.

"Very well," said he. "Since I cannot help myself, I submit; but I have no heart for this business at all."

The priest's countenance suddenly relaxed into a contemptuous smile. He knew his man. The fear of the wrath of heaven was enough to subject any of his trusting flock to his arbitrary will.

"It is well," said he, resuming his seat. "You possess wisdom, although you do not always show it. As for this heart trouble! A sickly sentiment which robs the soldier of his manhood. Have done with it. Throw it to the dogs. Do you wish to play the squaw and stay at home with the women? In this emergency, how can you be so effeminate? Do you know that these vile Britons have come to usurp our rights? They would murder us all in cold blood if they had the opportunity. Their establishment at Chebucto must be stopped. They are heretics and must be exterminated. Do you understand? They must die."

"But not at my hands," was the youth's inward resolution; and now for the first time in his life he began to understand the reverend father, and to perceive that malice and bigotry had blinded his sense of justice. For the first time in his life he believed that the irascible Abbe's attitude toward the English was unnecessary; and he began to see also that his actions would eventually prove hurtful to those who trusted in him. Would he not draw the wrath of the English upon all who declined the oath of allegiance? He thought of his people, the Acadians, and of the power La Loutre held over him. Most of them were in leading strings, and all feared him as they did the evil one.

It has already been intimated that Claude Belliveau was an orphan. His father, Major Bernard Belliveau, had been killed in action, and his mother, an Acadian, hearing of it, had died soon after, leaving him, a child of three years, to the care of her confessor, Father La Loutre. Claude was a bright lad, and for a purpose of his own the Abbe sent him to Quebec for an education. Then foreseeing the possibility of his docile young charge becoming a most useful tool in his hands, he had him return to Acadia, and after getting him into the army under La Corne, who commanded at Beausejour, he seized every opportunity to prejudice him against the English who were establishing themselves at Halifax. Claude's sense of justice, however, would get beyond control, but all to no purpose; he could not brave the threats of his austere benefactor, and while he keenly felt his position as a "cat-paw," his fear of the Holy Virgin's wrath prevented his opposition becoming of any great consequence.

"You will be ready at sundown," said the priest, after a pause. "You will meet me at the camp beyond the hill. There you will change your uniform for a more suitable costume, as we do not wish the English to know the French have anything to do with this attack. The whole blame must rest upon the Indians. It must appear as if they had gone upon the war path of their own accord. A few Acadians, disguised as Indians, will join you. Now leave me, and remember to be there at sundown. Au revoir."

Saying which the priest rose from his seat and entered the house, leaving Claude Belliveau standing with bowed head and folded arms, in deep meditation. Presently the young fellow straightened himself, darted a menacing glance over his shoulder at the house, then strode down the street with his hand clutching his sword, and his face darkened with a frown.

In this same village of Beaubassin there lived a man of the name of Benedict Blanchard. He was quite a celebrity, but as he sat upon his porch on the afternoon our story opens, with his elbows upon his knees, and his chin resting upon his closed hands, he seemed of very little importance. Nevertheless, this same thoughtful man had given Father La Loutre more trouble perhaps than any other in the parish. The fact of the matter was simply this: Benedict Blanchard was disposed to do his own thinking, and Benedict Blanchard was no fool, albeit Father La Loutre had strongly applied the depreciating cognomen many times. Monsieur L'Abbe had even gone farther in his efforts to have the pertinacious Benedict correctly denominated, and "traitor" became the final epithet; no one in his parish could think leniently of the English with impunity, and this unruly Acadian had even shown a disposition to take the oath of allegiance to the British Crown, which, after the Province of Nova Scotia had been ceded to the English, was quite naturally required of every Acadian who should remain in the land.

But, as already stated, he made a sorry spectacle as he sat upon his porch gazing absently at the prospect before him. In fact he was not the only one in the village of Beaubassin who made a sorry spectacle that afternoon, for the presumptuous Abbe that very morning had taken such an interest in his trusting flock that he found it necessary to impress upon them the impossibility of contamination from too close an association with the English heretics, and to avoid such a catastrophe, he had impressively intimated that they must abandon their homes and cross the Misagash into French territory. To be sure the land was somewhat barren and rugged, but an utter wilderness was far preferable to the demoralizing juxtaposition of the English. Besides, the king of France had promised them ample sustenance until the land could be cleared and cultivated, and although they should probably see in the distance the beautiful acres which they had abandoned, they need not let themselves be troubled by any feelings of compunction, because in the sacri-

fice they made they proved themselves true to the church of God. It was a very nice point, no doubt, but the occupants of the high benches discussed it with troubled mien.

Benedict Blanchard, however, had not yet expressed himself upon the subject. It was so new to him, so unexpected, that he must needs ponder it well before deciding. And as he sat there, still with his elbows upon his knees and his chin pressed out of shape by contact with his closed, toll-worn hands, his stolid look became intelligent, and he contemplated the broad stretch of land before him, and caught the lowing of the herds, the bleating of sheep, and the tinkling of bells. Then as he surveyed the village street with its pleasant cottages, until then the homes of contentment; when he saw the women folk upon the porches chattering and dandling over their impending troubles; when he beheld the deserted green, and discovered the children in little groups whispering together in an excited manner over the proclamation that had filled them with dismay, and which had set them speculating in a doleful manner upon the change in store for them, you could not really blame him if he resolved to stay right there in spite of the earnest exhortation of the deeply interested Abbe. He was a resolute-looking man, this Benedict Blanchard, short, thick-set, and muscular. His face, with its dark brown beard, shrewd overhanging brows, deep hazel eyes, and broad forehead, gave evidence of more intelligence than was to be found among the majority of his neighbors. Yet his coat of homespun, his knickerbocker breeches, so like the galligaskins of Dutch renown, his wollen leggings and hobnailed shoes, proclaimed him nothing more than a descendant of the Norman peasantry. What opposition could such a personage make against the mandates of a fanatical and arbitrary Jesuit priest? We shall see.

"Father," said a sweet girlish voice at his side, after half an hour had slipped by, "If we trust in the good God, will it not come right?" The girl had knelt beside him, and with one hand resting upon his knee, was stroking his long brown hair with the other. She was quite young, pretty, and of comely form. The liquid softness of her large brown eyes, and the kindly expression of her lovely features had set the heart of many an enamoured youth of the village palpitating. She was her father's housekeeper, his comforter, for her mother was dead. She was the one being in all the world for whom Benedict Blanchard lived. Yet, in his deep meditation, for the nonce he had forgotten her. Now, as she knelt beside him, the prospect seemed the harder to bear. Her gentle soliloquy admonished him of his forgetfulness.

"Ah, Sidonie," said he, turning his head a little upon one hand and putting an arm about her, "your father has now the greatest trial of his life."

"You will heed Father La Loutre's command to cross the Misagash?"

"He says we must, but I shall not go."

"And why should we not, my father? Is it not our duty to the church?"

"Hush, child, you speak not wisely. To ourselves there is a duty we should not forget."

"My father does not fear the displeasure of the Holy Mother?"

"No."

A long silence followed, which was broken by the sound of approaching footsteps; as the twin looked up Claude Belliveau appeared before them. There was the same dark look upon his face which the interview with Father La Loutre had provoked, but it softened somewhat when he beheld Sidonie. Father and daughter rose to greet him.

"Ah, Claude," said Benedict, "you are too troubled; but sit you down and tell us the latest you have heard."

Sidonie said nothing, but the expression of her beautiful eyes was that of love and commiseration.

Claude seated himself in a chair which she brought him; Benedict resumed his old position; Sidonie stood in the doorway. Presently Claude told them of the proposed expedition against the English.

"Ah, Claude, Claude," said Benedict dolorously, when the young man had finished, "what will come of it? How will it all end?"

"Alas, Monsieur Blanchard," replied Claude, "I fear it will end in nothing but misery. The English will avenge themselves upon the people of this village, and they will all suffer for that which they cannot help."

(To be Continued.)

Missing-Word Contest.



Literary Note.



We are happy to announce something from the pen of Benjamin Wright, which is now before us. Small in volume, but interesting, worthy of its author—a symphony, as it were, in the pigments of a pensive thought.—Judge.

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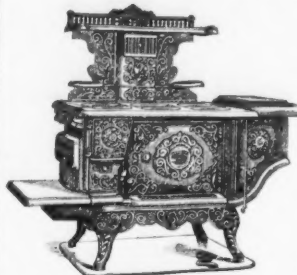
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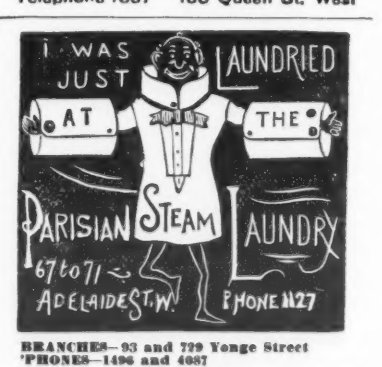
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Music.

ALARGE and thoroughly representative audience gathered at the Metropolitan Methodist church on Tuesday evening last on the occasion of the first appearance in Toronto of the eminent French organist, M. Alex. Guilman. The fame of this remarkable musician as a composer for the organ awakened considerable additional interest in his appearance as a solo organist, and it is safe to say that a more dignified programme for an organ recital or a more noble and scholarly performance has never been heard in this city. The programme included standard selections representing the principal schools of organ playing, and it is worthy of note that transcriptions of popular orchestral compositions were not drawn upon, a tendency which unfortunately predominates to an unwarrantable extent in the programmes of most solo organists. That it is possible to maintain the interest of an audience to the end of a lengthy programme without resorting to adaptations of music originally written for other instruments has been ably demonstrated by M. Guilman, and the influence of his recitals in Toronto, in this respect, as in others, will doubtless be a wholesome one. As events in the annals of organ recitals in Toronto, M. Guilman's performances will be regarded as historic occasions and their influence for good it will be difficult to over-estimate. Features of his playing which particularly strike the educated musician are a clear, crisp touch with an admirable wrist staccato as well as a smooth finger legato; wonderfully artistic phrasing and accentuation and a firm vigor of attack and remarkable facility in stop registration. The majestic character as well as poetic grace imparted familiar numbers on the programme invested these compositions with an entirely new meaning. This I thought particularly noticeable in the last two movements of the Lemmens Sonata (the March and the Toccata); the finale in E flat and the Funeral March and Seraph's Hymn of his own composition; Debussy's Toccata and the Schumann Canon. The greatest treat to the audience generally, judging by the deafening applause which followed this most extraordinary performance, was M. Guilman's improvisation on a given theme. A profound impression was created among the organists present by the masterly manner in which he elaborated his subject, treating it in almost every conceivable form from that of a plaintive melody to a remarkably clever contrapuntal development. At five o'clock on the Wednesday afternoon following, also in the Metropolitan church, a twilight recital was given by the great organist, which was a repetition of the artistic triumph of the preceding evening. A vocal number was contributed at the first recital by Miss Florence Brimmon, who sang Haydn's "The Veil" with much taste and expression. After the recital a reception was tendered M. Guilman at McConkey's rooms, at which a number of the leading organists and musicians of the city and province tendered their congratulations to the eminent soloist and composer, who, more than any other living organist, has influenced the general tone of current organ compositions and placed the organ school of his native land upon a pedestal which commands the respect and admiration of the profession everywhere.

The following note involves the consideration of a question which has been frequently discussed and concerning which widely divergent opinions will no doubt be held by our musicians: *Musical Editor Saturday Night.*

Dear Sir:—Would you kindly give me your opinion whether the study of the organ has a tendency to effect piano playing injuriously. And oblige, yours truly,

H. Hamilton, Sept. 18, 1893.

R. S. L.
Concerning the above I might say that there has prevailed a general impression that the study of the organ simultaneously with the pianoforte is injurious to the development of piano technique principally on account of the force necessary to "drive down" the keys of an organ and the consequent impairing of lightness and flexibility of touch so desirable in a pianist. This objection still holds good with organs of notoriously heavy touch such as were made some years ago, but with the introduction of pneumatic appliances and electricity the touch of our modern organs is equally as light, with all couplers applied even, as the most delicately regulated pianoforte. Musical history teaches us, furthermore, that the old order of things did not necessarily imply that artists were injuriously effected as pianists through familiarity with the organ. Many great organists from Bach's time to the present, including such virtuosos as Mendelssohn and St. Senes, were equally great pianists. Many good pianists, it is true, have deteriorated as solo performers through time devoted to organ appointments, but the cause is not due to the direct effects of organ playing, but rather to the consequent less time devoted to keeping up pianoforte technique. As a recompense for this, however, it will not be denied that the study of the organ and incidental work connected with it, such as choir training and the like, have a musically broadening effect, and for this reason organists, who have previously been properly trained as pianists (for the piano is, after all, the foundation of a musician's, and particularly of an organist's, study) are generally more cosmopolitan in their sympathies and ideas.

The subject is an interesting one, the "pros" and "cons" of which might be profitably discussed. I might briefly state that a certain course of organ study can be recommended all piano students, whether intending to qualify as organists or not. This fact is being recognized by some of the leading European conservatories, where limited organ practice is being advised, for several important reasons, the principal of which are that a pure legato touch is better acquired thereby; that students are taught greater accuracy with regard to the proper duration of notes in polyphonic work; that greater incentives are furnished to exercise the gifts of extemporization and transposition, and that the organ offers superior varieties of tone color. I should be pleased to make space for the opinions of members of the profession who might desire to express their views on this important subject. A free ex-

pression of opinion, as already intimated, might be both profitable and interesting to students and the profession generally.

Miss Minnie Topping of Galt, whose talent as a pianist has on several occasions been commented on by me, gave a recital in her native town several weeks ago, playing selections by Beethoven, Greig, Chopin and Moszkowski. The local press speaks highly of her playing and of the assisting artists, Miss Schumacher of Hamilton and Mr. George Fox of the same city.

The delightful *Abendunterhaltungen*, or evening entertainments of the Royal Conservatory, Leipzig, have had features added recently which further increase their interest. The full orchestra of the Conservatory now figures frequently at those bi-weekly concerts, and periodical operatic entertainments are also included. As an evidence of the high standard of efficiency of the orchestra of this prosperous institution, it might be mentioned that their performance of Beethoven's Immortal Ninth Symphony and other exacting works at the recent jubilee celebration of the Conservatory evoked universal praise from the critics, and was the subject of considerable special comment in the musical press of Europe.

Mrs. D. E. Cameron, having resigned her position in the choir of Carlton street Methodist church, is succeeded by Mrs. Dorsett Birchall, who is spoken of as a capable and experienced contralto. Mrs. Birchall will be heard in solo for the first time in the church on Sunday next, and will undoubtedly take a prominent place in our local concerts during the coming season. While the choir has sustained a great loss in the withdrawal of Mrs. Cameron, whose rich and powerful contralto is especially adapted for church singing, the choirmaster is to be congratulated in securing so excellent a substitute, a fact which will assist in maintaining the high standard of work done by the choir and the quartette.

The prospectus of the Sterndale Bennett Society, founded in Leipzig on April 8 of this year, furnishes interesting matter for British and Colonial music students. One of the objects of the society, besides encouraging the production of English compositions in Germany, is to aid worthy students of music, whether from the Mother Country or from the Colonies, to obtain positions after completing their studies, and to aid those not otherwise able, to pursue their studies in Leipzig. Among the patrons of the society might be mentioned Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir W. Cousins and Mr. J. K. Sterndale Bennett.

The International Cricket Match.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to say a few words in reply to your article in a recent number of SATURDAY NIGHT re cricket and the international team. You say there is no dissatisfaction with the selection of the team, outside of Ottawa and Chatham. I do not know what cause Ottawa has to be dissatisfied; she had three players on the team last year and this time, Chatham, however, since 1875, when Exerts, Whelan and the writer were on the team, has not had a representative. We did not object during most of the time, however, as we had no players up to what we considered international form, and so told the committee when asked about our men. Now, however, we consider we have at least two men, Atkinson and Kenny, who should have a chance on the team by virtue of the form shown this year if for no other reason. I give their averages in first-class matches only, viz.,

	Runs	Innings	Average
Atkinson (once not out)	289	8	41.28
Kenny	192	8	24.00

Atkinson's average against Detroit was 167 runs, 4 innings, average 55.66, once not out.

Saunders, Terry, Laing, Lyon, Martin and Gillespie made in eight innings against Detroit 107 runs, once not out, an average of 15.28.

Kenny's bowling average is 39 wickets for 297 runs; an average of 7.60 runs per wicket. You mention the fact that a couple of centuries were made against him at Chatham. Quite true, but the wicket was a hard, true one, and all in favor of the bat. However, let us compare him with Laing on the same wicket and a much more suitable one for a fast bowler. Kenny bowled 186 balls, 38 runs and 6 wickets. Laing bowled 100 balls, 84 runs and 6 wickets. Which is the best average?

You say Atkinson and Kenny have declined to figure as spars men on the team, and that Atkinson also refused last year. Such is not the case. True, they refused to play in the practice match in Toronto, but had the eleven accepted our offer for a match in Chatham against a Western eleven they would have been on hand.

Let me say the Chatham Club will not allow its players to put themselves on exhibition before a Toronto audience unless some such scheme as Mr. Hooker of London suggests is brought about, viz., the best twenty-two men to be selected and to play two or three test matches, those showing the best cricket to be chosen on the eleven.

Last year Mr. Atkinson was spoken of as a sure man on the team. The Chatham Club were on a tour. Thursday and Friday the matches against Toronto and Rosedale could not be played on account of rain. Saturday we played East Toronto on a water-soaked wicket and made 50 odd against bowling; a couple of weeks before on the Chatham ground we had made 308 for 8 wickets against. Yet on the showing made by Mr. Atkinson on such a wicket his name was struck off.

You say that had they allowed their names to stand as substitutes and had taken part in the practice match and impressed their merits on the score book and the spectators, they would have bettered their position. A very nice one-sided arrangement surely. Chatham players must go to Toronto at their own expense to show their form before a Toronto audience, but players from Vancouver, St. John or any other place are taken on last year's form, or somebody's say-so. I think you are mistaken about Mr. Jones giving way to Hall two years ago. Hall's bowling, which was not seen until after the team had been

chosen, was wanted, and Mr. Jones in a very sportsmanlike way gave place for him.

Another reason why Mr. Atkinson at any rate should have been on the team, was that the only time he had a chance of playing against the Philadelphia bowlers he made 39, not out, and took 4 wickets. This was at Detroit two years ago after the International match at Toronto. Kenny, like Ackland of Ottawa, has lots of time before him.

Chatham people, as you say, were much dissatisfied at not having a representative on the team. They say Chatham is an old cricket town and has been loyal to the grand old game through many temptations. No other game has been able to gain a foothold here. Her players are, with one exception, Canadians, and as such should have at least an equal chance on a representative eleven; that is, if the committee have any idea of furthering the interests of the game in Canada amongst Canadians.

There are ugly rumors afloat as to the mode of selecting the team which, I trust, for the good of the game, are without foundation.

W. B. WELLS.

[Note.—What I said about the practice match may have seemed odd when looked at in a certain light, but I had in view the fact that the game would be witnessed and the score studied by players all over the country. I cannot accept correction as to the terms of praise employed in speaking of Mr. W. Jones' resignation. However, as one who has himself made an occasional duck-egg to the extreme astonishment of all beholders, I may say that it was or would be emphatically wrong to pass over Atkinson or any other player because he had failed to score in one particular instance.—Mack.]

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Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Two.

women. A large dinner was given by the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick on Thursday of last week to the visiting prelates. Several charming teas and quiet dinners also took place during last week, and the lovely weather and generally delightful aspect of our city in its September guise have made enjoyment both in and out of doors. On Saturday last Mrs. Wood of Wexford, Pembroke street, who has been the hostess of the Bishop of Columbia, gave an afternoon tea to a large number of ladies, to meet the Bishop. The invited guests were principally members of the Women's Auxiliary and G. F. S. work. Some choice music, both vocal and instrumental, was given. On Monday last Mrs. Wood gave a lovely dinner in honor of her guest. The decoration scheme of the table and room was pink and white, with exquisite arrangements of Japan lilies, asters and amilax on epergne and candelabra. Covers were laid for twelve. The Metropolitan of Rupert's Land, Bishop of Toronto, Bishop of Columbia, Bishop of Quebec, Bishop of Qu'Appelle, Bishop of New Westminster, Bishop of Algoma, Bishop of Niagara, Provost of Trinity College and Canon Cayley were among the guests. A number of ladies welcomed the Bishops in the salon at 10.30. Mr. Whitney Mockridge sang beautifully and a lovely evening was spent by all.

Miss M. Winstanley Pridham, one of Toronto's most promising young vocalists, who has been the soprano soloist in the quartette choir of the Northern Congregational church for the past two years, left last week for New York, where she will study under Mr. W. Elliott Haslem.

The Queen's Own Band kindly gave a concert to the inmates of the Home for Incurables last Monday evening. Mrs. R. B. Hamilton secured this great treat for her proteges, whose life of suffering is so often brightened by her kind and ceaseless sympathy. The band played on the lawn and were afterwards entertained at supper by Mrs. Craigie. A very beautiful effect was had in the table decorations by means of mountain-ash berries and green leaves, with which the well spread board was bordered.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Rowan will reside on Bedford road on their return from their bridal trip.

The terrible accident which caused the death of Mr. J. H. Ferguson, Q.C., on Saturday, sent a shock through social circles, where the unfortunate and lamented gentleman was highly esteemed. Deep sympathy flowed from all sides toward his bereaved wife and amiable relatives. His funeral took place on Monday from Eastlawn, the residence of Hon. Justice Ferguson, who with Mr. A. D. McLean was mourner. A large number of representative men attended the service, which was conducted by Rev. Canon DuMoulin, among whom were: Sir Thomas Galt, Hon. Frank Smith, Drs. Hoskin, Allen, Baines and Hunt, Messrs. Charles Moss, J. C. A. R. Boswell, Q.C., —, Ferguson, J. J. Foy, Q.C., G. F. Shepley, Q.C., W. Barwick, A. G. McLean, Neil McLean of Brockville, W. C. Baines, C. C. Baines, L. Tilley, A. Macdonell, George Lind.

Continued on Page Twelve.

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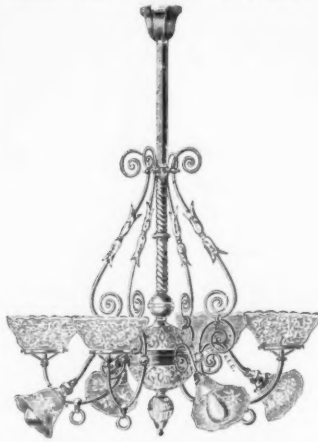
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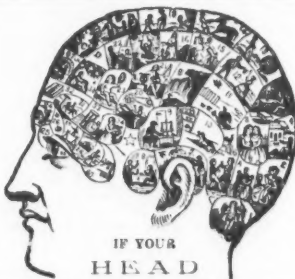
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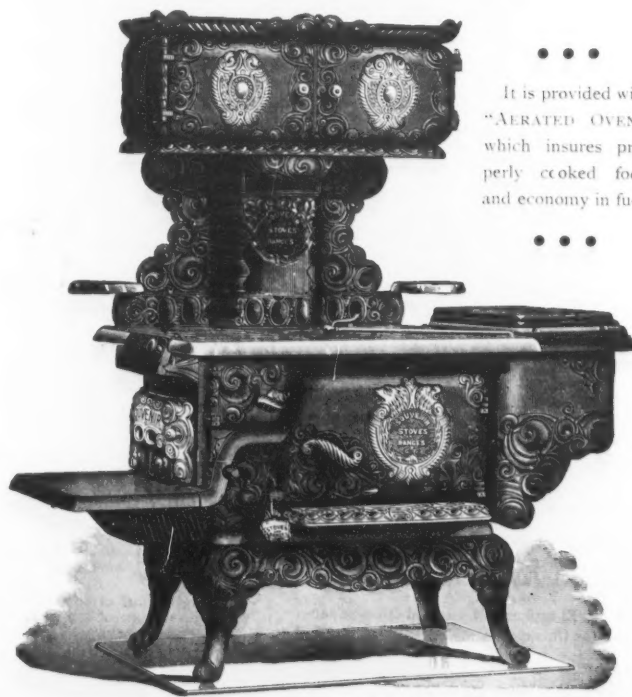
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Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Eleven.

sey, Gaulk, Angus MacMurchy, Wadsworth, Ogden, Galt, A. F. McLean, N. McLean, J. A. Ferguson and Col. Newbigging.

Major Wicksteed of the Governor-General's Foot Guards of Ottawa met with a nasty accident on Saturday, fracturing his thigh by a fall over a wire stretched on University street. He is progressing favorably.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra have returned from the Point. Mrs. Harry Brock will return shortly.

The Wanderers' bicycle meet promises to be of great interest. It will take place on Rosedale grounds this afternoon, and the knights of the flying arrow have made every arrangement to insure a successful and enjoyable afternoon.

An interesting visitor to Toronto this week has been Mrs. Annie Besant, the apostle of Theosophy. She lectured to very intelligent audiences on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. Mrs. Besant left for Niagara, en route for New York, on Friday morning, and will return to England on Sept. 27.

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Giles Williams have returned from the World's Fair.

The marriage of Mr. Alfred Pringle and Miss Lily McKinnon is fixed for October 10.

The fashionable millinery openings took place this week and the popular shops on King street were crowded with criticizing and admiring ladies. Most of the well known leaders of the mode were early on hand to select the very newest and most bewildering of fashion's freaks. A dainty little blonde looked bewitching in an admiral hat, a stately lady well became a love of a bonnet in black and white. What clever fingers can make of a flat disc of felt or beaver is shown by the numerous pleats and twists and fancies evolved this autumn. La Mode promises to tell all about the styles next week.

Mr. Ernest Thompson has been for some time visiting in New York and Boston.

The quaint old church of St. Mary Magdalene, Picton, was crowded on Wednesday afternoon to witness the marriage of Miss Jennie N. Carter, youngest daughter of Mayor Carter, to Mr. W. N. Irwin, barrister, of Toronto. The bride looked very charming and was most becomingly gowned in a pretty traveling costume. The chancel was profusely decorated with rare flowers. After the ceremony the party drove to the wharf, where a large number had assembled to say au revoir. Mr. and Mrs. Irwin will be at home to their friends after October 2 at 289 Jarvis street.

Miss Lauretta Bowes has arranged for an evening of readings and Greek statue posing at St. George's Hall about the middle of October. The date of this popular young lady's entertainment will be advertised.

The Argonaut Rowing Club will be at home to their friends this afternoon.

A pretty house wedding took place in Whitby on September 19 at the residence of Mr. Edward Armstrong, father of the bride, when Dr. John Wishart, of London, and Miss Minnie Theresa Armstrong were married. Rev. Mr. Adams of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church officiated. The bride's gown was of white silk, with pearl trimming, and her bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaids, Miss Florence Coulhard of Oshawa, and Miss Maud Somerville of London, wore dresses of cream crepon, with Irish point lace, and bouquets of cream and pink roses. Dr. Mitchell of London was groomsmen. The guests consisted of the nearest relatives of the family. A large number of handsome presents were received from friends in Whitby, Oshawa, London and elsewhere. Dr. and Mrs. Wishart left for Montreal, the Adirondacks and New York.

Mr. E. R. Rogers of Calgary, who has been for some time the guest of Col. and Mrs. Hamilton, left for home last Thursday. Mr. Rogers will return in January, when he will carry away a popular and charming Toronto lady to the North-West.

Mrs. R. B. Hamilton has returned from Orillia.

Mr. Charles Nelson is visiting the World's Fair.

Mr. Norman Ross of Simcoe street left on Thursday to pursue the study of medicine at the St. Louis College of Physicians and Surgeons.

The Bishop of Saskatchewan and Calgary has been the guest of Mrs. Wm. Baldwin.

The Bishop of Qu'Appelle was the guest of his relative, Provost Body of Trinity College.

The Bishop of Algoma and Mrs. Sullivan are the guests of Mrs. Campbell, Queen's Park. General Montgomery Moore and Mrs. Moore arrived in town on Wednesday morning, also Colonel North of Halifax.

Mrs. and Miss McGillicuddy of Gerrard street have returned from Chicago, and are now on a visit to Saginaw, Mich.

Mr. Edward Blake, M.P. for South Longford, is once more on his native heath. He arrived in the city on Wednesday night.

Mr. R. W. Elliott and Mr. David Roberts left this week for Chicago.

Miss Stewart of Hamilton is visiting Mrs. Webster of Crawford street.

Mrs. G. H. Williams, Mrs. Moore of Gloucester street, Mrs. C. Brown and Miss Louisa Brown of Isabella street returned from the World's Fair on Wednesday morning.

Miss Lillie Stewart of Hamilton is visiting Mrs. Beard of Alexander street.

Bishop Courtney of Nova Scotia was the

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guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Queen's Park.

The organ recital given by Professor Gullmant on Monday evening attracted a choice audience of society and musical people. The Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick and party were present. Every organist in the city was there and all our clever musicians, both men and women, Mrs. Blackstock and Mrs. McMaster among the number. A twilight recital was given on Tuesday at 5 o'clock.

Mr. J. Lewis Brown of St. Paul, Minn., who has been appointed organist of Bond street Congregational church, arrived in town on Wednesday.

Mr. H. F. Wyatt has returned from a three weeks' trip to the Pacific Coast.

Miss Caroline Miskel made her debut on Monday evening in New York in A Temperance Town.

Messrs. E. B. Osler and W. K. Morrison are en route for Europe by the Majestic.

Dr. and Mrs. James E. Graham arrived on Thursday, September 14, from Bremen.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Aikenhead left on Friday of last week for Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gooderham leave to-day for Chicago.

Mr. E. G. O'Connor, manager of the Montreal Herald, accompanied by Mrs. O'Connor, was in the city the first of the week.

Mr. Horace Payne of Shanghai, China, arrived in Toronto on Sunday on his way to England.

Rev. Elmore Harris of Toronto officiated last Sunday at the opening of a large new Baptist church in Winnipeg.

Messrs. James W. Mickleboro and George Irving of the firm of Caldecott, Burton & Spence are at the World's Fair.

Collector and Mrs. Small left last Saturday for the World's Fair.

Mrs. Sills, Sherbourne street, is at the World's Fair.

Master Douglas Warren, a lad nine years of age, son of Mr. C. D. Warren, took the second prize for water color landscape at the Industrial Exhibition. The little fellow never had a lesson and had no assistance whatever in painting the picture that took the prize.

Mr. Duncan Coulson of the Bank of Toronto has returned from England.

Mr. Geo. A. Stimson has just returned by the Sardinian from a somewhat extended tour in Europe.

Mr. David Smith of 311 Jarvis street arrived home on Monday morning from Scotland.

Mrs. William Christie of Queen's Park and her daughter, Mrs. Barclay, are in Chicago.

Lady Macdonald, widow of Sir John Macdonald, and daughter, are at present on a visit to Scotland. It is said they will shortly be invited to Balmoral by the Queen.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hutchinson of Rose avenue and Mrs. James Hutchinson of Berkeley street left on Monday for Chicago.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen arrived last Sunday morning at Quebec. Accompanying the vice royal party are A. G. Gordon, secretary to the Governor-General, Capt. Urquhart, Cameron Highlanders, A.D.C., and Captain Kindersly, Coldstream Guards, A.D.C.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Garney and family left on Friday of last week for Chicago.

Mr. W. A. Gerolamy of Java registered this week at the Rossin.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. LeVesconte returned from Europe on September 14.

Lieut. George Duff of the Royal Engineers, who has been the guest for some time of Mr. H. M. Mowat, left last week for Chicago.

Mr. Harry P. Davies and Miss Davies have returned from Europe.

Mrs. Grantham and Miss Shanklin are home from their summer outing.

Sale of Household Furniture.

Mr. Melroy and family are leaving for New York, and intend to sell their handsome household furniture, carpets, etc., by auction on Thursday next, 28th instant, at their residence, 172 Bloor street east.

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Births.

MACWHIRTER—Sept. 20, Mrs. J. MacWhirter, a daughter. RAMSAY—Hamilton, Sept. 13, Mrs. Ramsay, a daughter. ROBERTSON—Montreal, Sept. 2, Mrs. Robertson, a son. MARSH—London, Sept. 11, Mrs. C. H. Marsh, a daughter.



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YOUNG—Stratford, Sept. 11, Mrs. W. C. Young, a son. CAMPBELL—Sept. 4, Mrs. John Campbell, a son. HILTON—Sept. 10, Mrs. F. A. Hilton, a son. RIDOUT—Sept. 10, Mrs. George Ridout, a daughter. BODDY—Forest, Sept. 16, Mrs. W. C. Boddy, a son. KENNEDY—Sept. 13, Mrs. A. E. Kennedy, a son. EWART—Sept. 13, Mrs. James Ewart, a son. MILBANK—Sept. 5, Mrs. J. F. Milbank, a son. PATON—Sept. 11, Mrs. P. F. Paton, a son.

Marriages.

IRWIN—CARTER—At the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Picton, Ont., by Rev. Rural Dean Louche, rector, on Wednesday the 20th day of September, 1893, William N. Irwin of Osgoode Hall, barrister at law of Toronto, to Jennie N. Carter, youngest daughter of J. N. Carter Esq., Mayor of Picton. HARTE—MERRIMAN—Colborne, Sept. 11, Richard Harte to Annie Merriman. STAPLES—HEWITT—Chatham, Sept. 14, Owen Staples to Lillian Hewitt. STRICKLAND—HALL—Peterboro', Sept. 18, Harry F. Strickland to Patricia Hall. SOMERS—WALLACE—Sept. 13, Harry B. Somers to Jennie M. Wallace. THOMPSON—LEVERATT—Sept. 13, William T. Thompson to Julia Leveratt. WAINRIGHT—LOUGH—Sept. 13, Charles E. Wainwright to Susan K. Lough. McLELLAN—LUMSDEN—Sept. 20, A. G. McLellan to Frances Lumsden. CUNNINGHAM—DUNLOP—BENNETT—Sept. 12, Capt. Charles Cunningham Dunlop to Mabel Grace Bennett. ELLESTON—OWEN—Sept. 20, Henry H. Elleston to Isabel Owen. MORSE—JACOBI—Sept. 20, Charles Morse to Emma Jacobi. SMITH—McDONALD—Sept. 5, Thos. H. Smith to Jessie MacDonald. GUN—DOUGLAS—Sept. 20, Andrew Gun to Mary Douglas. McDONNELL—SMITH—Sept. 12, Philip McDonnell to Lily Hall Smith. GEMMEL—SHAW—Sept. 12, Walter M. Gemmell to Lillie Shaw. BURNHIDE—EATON—Sept. 12, Thomas Burnside to Josie S. Eaton. DAVIS—PATTERSON—Stratford, Sept. 12, Robert Davis to Maud Mary Patterson.

Deaths.

TOWRY—Sept. 13, Mark Towry, aged 33. KANADY—Sept. 13, Edith B. Kanady, aged 12. MULHOLLAND—Sept. 13, E. W. Mulholland, aged 68. McCALLUM—Sept. 14, Lydia McCallum, aged 22. BADENACH—Sept. 12, L. Stuart Badenach, aged 18. BLAIR—Sept. 12, Wm. Blair, aged 81. WARD—Sept. 12, Edward Ward, aged 23. FITZSIMMONS—Sept. 10, Sarah Fitzsimmons, aged 55. KELSEY—Sept. 13, Clara Kelsey, aged 22. DRAKE—Sept. 13, John S. Drake, aged 75. SCHULTZ—Sept. 13, Rachel Schultze, aged 58. PEARSON—Sept. 13, James Pearson. TAYLOR—Scarboro', Sept. 10, Andrew Taylor, aged 67. WILCOX—Woodbridge, Sept. 14, M. Alta, aged 25. BAIN—Sept. 13, Christina Bain, aged 70. FERGUSON—Sept. 15, John H. Ferguson, Q.C. ROSEN—Sept. 15, Is. Rosen. EAKIN—Sept. 9, Rev. Joseph Eakin, aged 53. MARA—Sept. 18, Ann Mara, aged 76. BECKETT—Sept. 17, Isaac A. Beckett, aged 75. CLARK—San Francisco, Sept. 4, Dr. W. S. Clark. EASTON—Sept. 17, Mrs. David Easton, aged 43. SHARPE—Sept. 7, Annie Maria Sharpe, aged 68.

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